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What I Believe—II

The Rationalist's Standpoint

By JULIAN HUXLEY

I HAVE been asked in this talk to say something about the religious views included under the head of Rationalism. This is not very easy, because rationalism is not itself a religion: it is an attitude of mind towards religion and related problems. I suppose you could define it by saying that it stood for the fullest possible use of reason in these matters, as against authority or revelation, emotion or faith.

It does *not* assert that these are of no value. Of course, faith and emotion are essential. The rationalist, however, says that faith must not be blind, and that emotion by itself is a dangerous guide as well as a bad argument. Authority, too, has its place, but the rationalist proclaims that authority can never be absolute, and that it has in point of fact often been wrong. All that is rather negative. But there is a positive side to rationalism, for it believes actively in the value of human reason as the most important instrument for securing progress. The rationalist, however, is very well aware of the obstacles to reasonableness, and realises that most human beings prefer to follow their feelings or to be guided by authority. He has also learnt that reason does not mean mere logic-chopping, and that a *priori* reasoning, however tempting, is often a waste of time. For him reason means reasoning brought into the closest possible relation with the facts of experience. When facts are lacking, the true rationalist simply suspends judgment.

Historically, rationalism in one form or another has played an important part in human progress. Socrates

was in his way a great rationalist, and died for his belief in reason. Rationalist tendencies were severely suppressed by the Church in mediæval times, and only began to appear again with the Renaissance and the Reformation. From then until the end of the eighteenth century, men of letters and philosophers, like Voltaire and Hume, were the chief rationalists. With the nineteenth century, however, the rise of science provided a new and firm foundation for rationalism, and the Churches had to give way over questions of fact such as the age of the earth, and over practical problems like religious tests, or secular education. Herbert Spencer, Mill, Leslie Stephen, Bradlaugh, and Holyoake are representatives of the movement.

The actual use of the word 'rationalism' in connection with a definite movement was, however, not used until 1899, when the Rationalist Press Association was founded. This body has always believed mainly in the power of the printed word. Its famous sixpenny reprints and its special series like the Thinkers Library have had a wide circulation. As a body it has always set out to combat superstition, to attack intellectual dishonesty in religious and moral affairs, and to remove arbitrary religious restrictions such as those on secular recreation on Sundays, and in its short life it has exerted a considerable effect. But I must get back to the main business of this talk, which is to put before you the general point of view of rationalism about religion.

What, then, is the rationalist's attitude to religion? Reli-

gious feeling, religious beliefs and religious organisations are facts of experience. These various aspects of religion can be studied with the aid of reason. When this is done, certain broad generalisations can be drawn. The first and most obvious is that the diversity of religious belief and practice is almost endless—from fetishism to nonconformity, from magic fertility rites to monasticism.

In Fielding's *Tom Jones*, Parson Thwackum says: 'When I mention religion I mean the Christian religion; and not only the Christian religion, but the Protestant religion; and not only the Protestant religion, but the Church of England'. That is a statement diametrically opposed to the views of rationalism. But though ridiculous in this exaggerated form, something of the kind is often held:—one religion (your own, of course) is true, and all others false; and are, therefore, not really religions, but mere superstitions.

The rationalist, however, prefers to think objectively. He also finds it impossible to believe in absolute or complete truth. In this he is supported by the second generalisation which we can draw about religions, namely that they change and evolve, even those which claim to be based on unalterable revelation. Thus Roman Catholicism today is quite different from what it was during the Renaissance, or during the period of the early Church. The Christian beliefs in the Devil and in Hell have markedly declined during the last few centuries.

Why Religions Change

The rationalist next asks what is the common element in all religions, and why do religions change? Many people would say that religion meant belief in or worship of God: others that it involves preparation for a life after death. The facts show that neither of these answers is correct. We must find something more fundamental. The right answer, I think, would be something as follows. Religion is the product of a particular kind of reaction between certain aspects of human nature and certain aspects of human environment. Very different elements of human nature may be involved—from love to fear, from exaltation to self-abasement; but they become religious only when they are combined with that particular quality of feeling which we call sacredness.

The aspects of man's environment to which man reacts in this religious way are also extremely varied. They may be the brute facts of nature—earthquake and pestilence, birth and death, sun and rain: they may concern man's relation with other individuals or with society, with the environment of ideas in which our minds swim as fish in the sea—the current notions of right and wrong, duty, sacrifice, and so on. They are always something before which the individual feels small or helpless—because he cannot control or understand them, or because, like some kinds of beauty or joy, they are beyond ordinary experience.

The human reaction we call religion shows itself in a number of main ways. First, in the way of ritual—sacrifice, as in many early religions; special forms of worship; sacred rites like holy communion. Second, in the way of morals—practical actions. Such actions may be taboos, which have no apparent sense in themselves, like Jews refusing pork or oysters, or they may concern fundamental problems of behaviour such as sex relations or patriotism. And, third, in the way of theology—the use of reasoning to produce a more or less coherent system of beliefs and intellectual principles about religion. Of course, these three aspects of religion overlap, but the distinction is a useful one.

Rationalism seems to me to be important for religion in the following way. Religion, as we have seen, always evolves an emotional reaction: but the way men react depends on the interpretation they give to this reaction. Take sun, storm or earthquake. Some primitive peoples believed these to be animated by divine spirit: most religions hold that they are controlled by a god or gods: many people today, while still capable of experiencing the

essentially religious feeling of awe at their elemental power, regard them as purely natural phenomena. Plagues were once regarded as due to the wrath of God, while today we regard them as due to germs. Again, while some people interpret conscience as the voice of God acting on the personality from outside, to modern psychology it is a natural phenomenon, due to the forcible repression of certain impulses in early childhood.

Where rationalism helps is in the interpreting of religion. Its principle is that wherever a natural, comprehensible, or rational explanation can be found, this should be preferred to a supernatural, mystical, or irrational one. It does not deny mystical feeling, nor the possible value of mystical feeling: it is concerned with what you make of that valuable gift of emotion.

Four Interpretations of Religious Reactions

The rationalist, looking at the history of religion, sees that there are four main ways in which man's religious reactions have been interpreted. Two of these lay emphasis on something outside man: the other two on something inside man. The four interpretations are, first in terms of magic power; second, in terms of spiritual beings; third, in terms of individual mysticism or a special personal way of life; and, fourth, in terms of naturalistic scientific explanation.

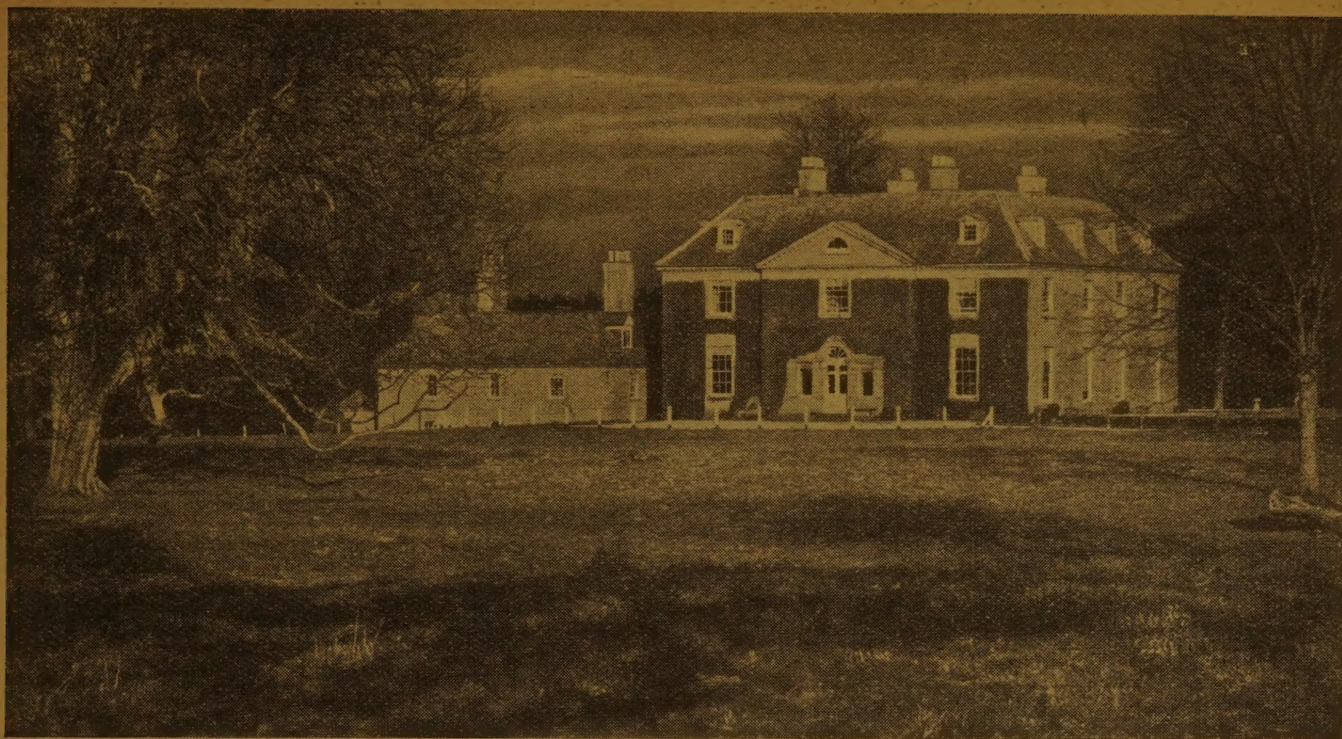
The first or magic hypothesis is found in many primitive religions. It ascribes a sacred but impersonal power to special objects, places, acts or ceremonies. The chief function of religion is then considered to be to control this magic influence by magical rites: for instance rain-ceremonies, or fertility rites. The second, or God hypothesis, is found in most existing religions. It no longer puts the sacred influence in objects or actions, but behind them, in the shape of gods or spirits who are supposed to control the course of events. Sacrifice, worship, prayer, and communion rituals then become the chief functions of religion. The best example of the third is pure Buddhism, but it may be combined with other interpretations, as in certain types of Christianity. It lays emphasis on salvation, and salvation from within—'the Kingdom of Heaven is within us'. In general, however, it gives a mystical and not a rational explanation.

The fourth asserts that it is man who provides the element of sacredness in religion, although certain objects and situations are more likely than others to call out the religious reaction. Sacredness does not exist apart from man, any more than colour exists in objects apart from a perceiving eye or brain.

'The Hypothesis of God'

The rationalist believes that the first two interpretations are false. Magic, in spite of the widespread belief in it which still continues, as shown by the prevalence of luck-charms and superstitions, is a pure figment of the undisciplined human mind. He also believes that gods are creations of the human mind, which has a very strong tendency to project its feeling and ideas outside itself in personified form. Scientifically speaking, God is a hypothesis about the universe and the forces of destiny and man's religious reactions to them. In science, a hypothesis often has to be given up, though it may meanwhile have served a useful purpose. The hypothesis of God was useful so long as external nature was so little under man's control that flood, pestilence, famine and the like were ever-threatening disasters, and so little understood that he was ignorant of the causes of those disasters. Today we do not seek to avert disease or famine by propitiating a mysterious power who is supposed to control them: we seek to control them ourselves, and within limits we succeed very well—certainly much better than by prayer and sacrifice. And just because we know that diseases come from material causes like germs or faulty living, we cannot ascribe their immediate control to God, and so with the

(Continued on page 708)



Moreton House, Dorset—where Squire Frampton lived

Photograph taken for THE LISTENER by Edgar Ward

From Tolpuddle to T.U.C.—II

The Dorsetshire Labourers

This dramatic interlude, written by R. S. Lambert and broadcast in the current series on trade unionism, presents the story of the Dorsetshire labourers whose courageous efforts to establish a union under the most difficult and disheartening circumstances are a landmark in the history of the movement

CHARACTERS:

JAMES FRAMPTON, Esq., J.P., of Moreton House, Dorset

THE REV. THOMAS WARREN, Vicar of Tolpuddle, Dorset

GEORGE LOVELESS } Labourers of Tolpuddle, Members
EDWARD LEGG } of the Agricultural Labourers' Friendly Society

BETSY LOVELESS, wife of George Loveless

LORD MELBOURNE, Secretary of State for the Home Department

BARON JOHN WILLIAMS, a Judge at Dorchester Assizes

COLONEL ARTHUR, Governor of Tasmania

DR. THOMAS WAKLEY, M.P. for Finsbury

A Constable, a Town Crier, Foreman of a Jury, a Warder, etc.

*Time: 1834 to 1837**Place: First in Dorsetshire, especially at Tolpuddle; later in Hobart, Tasmania, and elsewhere***SCENE I**

(In the dining room at Moreton House. SQUIRE FRAMPTON and the REV. DR. THOMAS WARREN. Voice of FRAMPTON heard)

FRAMPTON: Your good health, Doctor. Come, fill up your glass again. And now tell me, to what do I owe this visit from you? We don't often see you at Moreton House.

WARREN (*hesitatingly*): Well, Mr. Frampton, I hardly like to mention the matter. Indeed, I should not, but for having engaged my promise. It concerns those unfortunate men in my parish —

FRAMPTON: Unfortunate men—*what* men? You surely don't mean those disorderly rogues at Tolpuddle, Doctor. I thought we had heard the last of them.

WARREN: Well, Squire, I am afraid it is about George Loveless and his fellows. You haven't forgotten the meeting last year over which you presided at the County Hall?

FRAMPTON: No, I have not.

WARREN: And the promise the farmers made then, to stop the fall in wages and do something towards bringing them up again to the ten shilling level, which is what they pay in Hampshire? We all thought then, I fancy, that the matter was settled. But now George Loveless tells me that not only has there been no rise, but —

FRAMPTON: Loveless, Loveless—isn't that the Methody

preacher, the sour-faced fellow who interrupted me at the meeting, and tried to quote the Bible at us? 'Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that grinds out the corn', eh? Why, parson, what are *you* doing in this company? A tender spot for the Dissenters, after all, eh?

WARREN: I told the men they were to blame, Squire, for pressing our farmers to pay a wage beyond what the land will yield. I know how bad times are, with wheat at no more than forty-six shillings.

FRAMPTON: Well, send them to the devil, then! What have you come here for?

WARREN: Still, Sir, I cannot help feeling that seven shillings is a low wage, lower than they get elsewhere, to bring up a family on. Loveless tells me, Mr. Frampton, that they can't afford more than bread, cheese, horse beans and swedes to eat nowadays. As for meat, they —

FRAMPTON: Doctor Warren, charity has turned you crazy. Listen to me, and look at this. Read this letter, read it out loud.

WARREN: Er—well. 'Sir, Sunday night your House shall come down to the ground, for you are an inhuman monster, and we will dash out your brains. Captain Swing has not forgot you'.

FRAMPTON: There, Doctor, that's the letter I received three years ago, on the day those villains threatened to burn down

Moreton House, and I had to barricade the doors and windows and fetch out the county militia to save our lives. I can tell you, it frightened my poor sister all but out of her wits. And now you ask me to listen to these greedy idle rogues again, trying to impose *their* will on their masters, and demanding a wage that will send every tenant of mine into the bankruptcy court. Why, it is nothing less than sedition, Sir—that's what it is, sedition. And we ought to stand together against it, you and I—Church and State, Doctor, Church and State, you know . . .

SCENE II

(*George Loveless' Cottage. GEORGE and ELIZABETH LOVELESS*)

LOVELESS: Are the children asleep, Betsy?

MRS. L.: Yes, at last. They are just hungry, George Loveless, that is all that is wrong with them. We can't make ends meet now as we used to.

LOVELESS: I've got bad news for you, Betsy.

MRS. L.: Not about wages again?

LOVELESS: Yes. You know how we have tried to bring the masters to a fair sense, and give us our due. We thought we should get a rise. But now I hear there's talk of another shilling off, instead of a shilling on.

MRS. L.: But George, that would leave only six shillings. It is impossible. It is starvation.

LOVELESS: Starvation it is, Betsy. And I'll not stand for it. 'The labourer is worthy of his hire', says the Book. Where is that letter I wrote for sending to Squire Frampton—the letter you were copying out for me the other day?

MRS. L.: I have it here. Shall I read it over again?

LOVELESS: Yes.

MRS. L. (*reads*): 'Sir, your Honour—We poor labourers make bold to lay our case before you. We hope and trust no offence. We beg to state that we labourers are great sufferers, our wages being so low, our living so scanty, we have not sufficient to keep our strength to work. Let not your Honour be angry with us. Is it not said in Holy Writ, "Muzzle not the mouth of the ox, for the labourer is worthy of his hire"? We work hard for a little money; our wage is one shilling and two pence per day—what is that for even a small family? We believe your Honour to be a friend to the poor. The farmers will not let us earn more than seven shillings a week, if they can help it—which makes our lives bitter, and rather wish for the grave. Signed—The Poor, Humble and Obedient Labourers of Tolpuddle'. There, George, surely the Lord will hear this prayer, and send us an answer to it?

LOVELESS: If He does not, Betsy, I tell you I will not bide quiet any longer. We must have justice, and our liberty. We must do as David did when Goliath threatened—(*a knocking heard*) Ah, who is that?

(*Sound of Mrs. Loveless opening door*)

MRS. L.: Oh, please come in, Sir . . . George, it is his Reverence.

LOVELESS: Good-evening, Sir.

WARREN: Ah, good-evening, Loveless, and you, Mrs. Loveless. I have looked into your cottage, as I was passing, to tell you that I have seen the Squire at last. I placed your case before him, and I reminded him of the agreement—

LOVELESS: Yes, Sir?

WARREN: I have done all—more than all—that I could, but it is plain he thinks the time is not opportune for you to press further. Next year's harvest, perhaps—

LOVELESS: But the farmers gave their word, Sir. We trusted them.

WARREN: I know, I know. But the times are hard, Loveless. We must be patient, my man.

LOVELESS: But, Sir, wages are lower than ever—some of us are starving—

WARREN: And the farmers cannot pay their rent! It is no good, man, you are beating your head on a brick wall. Be careful, or you will suffer still more. Good-night, Loveless. Good-night, Mrs. Loveless.

MRS. L.: Good-night, Sir.

LOVELESS: Betsy, tear that letter up. I have another to send now in its place. Will you take up your pen again and write? I will tell you how it runs. First address it to Mister Robert Owen—O—W—E—N—

MRS. L.: Owen—the unbeliever—George?

LOVELESS: To Mister Robert Owen, the Grand National Consolidated Trades Union, London. 'Sir, we, the poor labourers of Tolpuddle, are now ready to play our part in the great cause of which you are leader. The farmers and the squire and the parson will not let us earn more than seven shillings a week, so we have set ourselves to unite in a Society. We thank you for your offer to send delegates to tell us how to make a start—Your obedient servant, for the Tolpuddle labourers—George Loveless. . . .'

SCENE III

(*In the street. Cart approaches and draws up*)

EDWARD LEGG: Whoa! Eh, George Loveless, what is this about a Society?

LOVELESS: It is a secret, Edward Legg, and not to be talked about.

LEGG: Ah, but it is all over the place. There's Mrs. Whetham now, of Dorchester, she has told my wife about that strange painting of yours. She says your brother James came into the shop and asked for a painting of Death with a Skeleton, six feet high she said it was to be. Whatever for now, George Loveless?

LOVELESS: Hush, it is a secret.

LEGG: 'Remember Thine End'—she says you wanted that put upon it. 'Remember Thine End'. . . . It is some new burial club, perhaps?

LOVELESS: No, Edward Legg, it is a Friendly Society, a Union—

LEGG: Oh, a Union, is it? You must tell us about that, George Loveless. Perhaps that will help our wages. . . .

SCENE IV

(*In a cottage. Seven or eight voices are heard singing the following hymn [written by George Loveless] to the tune of 'Eternal Father, Strong to Save'*)

God is our guide! From field, from wave,
From plough, from anvil and from loom,
We come, our country's rights to save,
And speak a tyrant faction's doom.

We raise the watchword liberty;
We will, we will, we will be free.

God is our guide! No swords we draw,
We kindle not war's battle-fires;
By reason, union, justice, law
We claim the birthright of our sires.
We raise the watchword liberty;
We will, we will, we will be free.

LOVELESS: Are we all here? John Hammett, Thomas Stanfield, John Stanfield, James Brine, and James Loveless. Good. Brothers, this is the second meeting of the Grand Lodge of Tolpuddle of the Agricultural Labourers' Friendly Society. Since our first meeting last month, we have done good work in the vineyard, and the fruits are now coming ripe to our hands. Brothers, before we come to consider the letter we are to write to the farmers of Tolpuddle, warning them that we cannot have another shilling taken off our wages, we have two or three friends standing outside that are ready to come in and join us. Is it your will that I admit them, one by one, and let them hear our rules?

ALL: Yes.

LOVELESS: Bring in Edward Legg, then, first. See that the kerchief is tight round his eyes.

(*Edward Legg is led in*)

LOVELESS: What is your name?

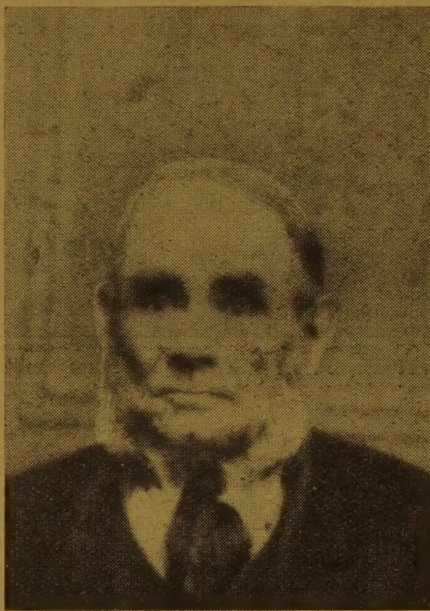
LEGG: Edward Legg, of Affpuddle.

LOVELESS: Have you come to join with us?

LEGG: Yes.

LOVELESS: Bring in the Figure of Death. Give him a Bible and Testament. Now, Edward Legg, listen to me. As officer of this Grand Lodge of Tolpuddle, I ask you, do you freely and of your own will come to be enrolled in this Brotherhood and Friendly Society?

LEGG: I do.



George Loveless

By courtesy of the T.U.C.

LOVELESS: And can you find two witnesses who will testify to your character, and stand surety for you in this Society?

LEGG: Yes.

LOVELESS: Listen, then. These are the rules of our Society.

1. That this Society be called the Friendly Society of Agricultural Labourers.
2. That there be appointed a General Committee of Seven, to which shall be confided the affairs of the Whole Order.
3. That the contributions be fixed at one penny per week, but that no member be required to pay contributions during the time he may be sick or out of employ.
4. That every person on his initiation into this Order shall pay one shilling as entrance money.
5. That all Lodges shall be opened once a fortnight for the transaction of business.
6. That no political or religious subjects be introduced during Lodge hours.
7. That no place shall turn out for an advance of wages without the consent of the General Committee.
8. That the objects of the Society can never be promoted by any act or acts of violence. This Order, therefore, will not countenance any violation of the law.
9. That if any member of this Order shall divulge any of the secrets of the same, if such person gets work at any place where a Lodge is established, the men shall decline to work with such an individual.

These are our rules. Unbind his eyes. Now, Edward Legg, see here this figure of Death, with his dart and hour-glass. Take the Word of God in your hand and listen to the words of this oath:—

THE OATH

'I do before Almighty God, and this loyal Lodge, most solemnly swear that I will not work for any master that is not in the Union, nor will I work with any illegal man or men, but will do my best for the support of wages, and most solemnly swear to keep inviolate all the secrets of this Order; nor will I ever consent to have any money for any purpose but for the use of the Lodge, and the support of the trade; nor will I write, or cause to be wrote, print, mark, either on stone, marble, brass, paper or sand, anything connected with this Order, so help me God, and keep me steadfast to this my present obligation. And I further promise to do my best to bring all legal men that I am connected with into this Order; and if ever I reveal any of the rules, may what is before me plunge my soul into Eternity'.

Now, Edward Legg, do you swear to observe this oath, so help you Almighty God?

LEGG: I swear it, by Almighty God.

SCENE V

(In a country lane. Sound of horse's hooves. A voice is heard calling, first from a distance, then nearer and louder. It calls in an angry tone, 'Hi! Hi! Hi!' The voice is MR. FRAMPTON'S and he is calling the REV. THOMAS WARREN, whom he overtakes)

FRAMPTON: Hi there! Hi! Hi! Blister me, hi you! *(horse stops)*.

I say, Doctor, what are you sneaking off for like this? Didn't you hear me call? You're devilish hard to catch.

WARREN: I beg your pardon, Mr. Frampton. I was hurrying—

FRAMPTON: And well you may, Doctor. *(Horse shies.)* Hold this horse, can't ye? What is this I hear about your parish?

WARREN: Do you mean the labourers —?

FRAMPTON: Do I mean the labourers? Of course I mean them—your precious friends the Methodist sedition-mongers, George Loveless and his crew. The men you came whining to me about only a month or two back. Haven't you heard what they are doing?

WARREN: Not exactly, Squire.

FRAMPTON: They have formed a Union, Sir, a Union. Two London men have been down—Socialist infidels who follow Robert Owen—and they have taught them to make a combination. Why, my own gardener's son is in it! And that is not all. They have sent a round robin to the farmers, telling them that if wages are not raised, they will strike.

WARREN *(in an awed tone)*: Strike! . . .

FRAMPTON: Yes, Sir, strike—a strike in Tolpuddle, in Affpuddle, in Piddlehinton, in Dorchester maybe! This comes of all your pampering, your charity, your sermonising.

WARREN: But, Mr. Frampton, something can surely be done to stop it?

FRAMPTON: Can it? I am not so sure. If we only had the old laws back we could. But nowadays, since they repealed the Combination Acts, I doubt it. A bad day, Sir, a bad day. But I don't intend to give in, Doctor. I intend to follow this business through to the end, if it means calling down Lord Melbourne himself. I shall write this very evening to Lord Digby, and ask him to see Melbourne personally at the Home Office . . .

THE VICTIMS OF WHIGGERY;

BEING
A STATEMENT

OF THE
PERSECUTIONS EXPERIENCED

BY THE

DORCHESTER LABOURERS;

THEIR TRIAL, BANISHMENT, &c. &c.

ALSO

REFLECTIONS

UPON THE

PRESENT SYSTEM OF TRANSPORTATION;

WITH AN

ACCOUNT OF VAN DIEMAN'S LAND,

ITS CUSTOMS, LAWS, CLIMATE, PRODUCE, AND INHABITANTS.

DEDICATED (WITHOUT PERMISSION) TO LORDS MELBOURNE, GREY, RUSSELL,
BROUGHAM, AND JUDGE WILLIAMS.

BY GEORGE LOVELESS,

ONE OF THE DORCHESTER LABOURERS.

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SCENE VI

(Lord Melbourne's Office in London)

MELBOURNE: . . . My dear Digby, there is nothing I should like better than to be able to oblige you. But what you tell me about your village of Tol—what is it?—Tolpuddle, is nothing new. Here at the Home Office I have been pestered nearly to death with complaints about the growth of these 'dangerous and alarming combinations'. They spring up like mushrooms overnight in every county. Why, half the Lord Lieutenants of England have written to me saying 'Can't Lord Melbourne tell us what to do with these agitators and their unions?' Here have I had a special report prepared for the Cabinet by the Professor of Political Economy at Oxford himself—you see, we are nothing if not up-to-date, my dear Digby—and now his report turns out to be so fierce I daren't even show it to the Prime Minister. Stop the Unions altogether, says the Professor. Repeal the Act of 1825, and prosecute the leaders for unlawful combination. Well, we might have done that kind of thing three years ago, but now, since the Reform—well, I hardly think . . . I tell you what, Digby, you tell your friend Frampton that the best thing he can do with his Dorset rebels is to look up that old Act of 1797 about the administration of Secret Oaths—the Act passed at the time of the Naval Mutiny, you know. It has been tried once or twice lately with advantage. They all have them, they all swear to secrecy, you know . . .

SCENE VII

PROCLAMATION

'Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Caution to all! Whereas it has been represented to us from several quarters that mischievous and designing persons have for some time past endeavoured to induce labourers in this County to attend meetings and enter into illegal societies and unions, to which they bind themselves by unlawful oaths secretly administered—we the Justices of the Peace of the County of Dorset do give this Public Notice and Caution that all persons may know the danger they incur by entering into such Societies. Any Person who shall administer, or be present at, or consent to the taking of any such unlawful oath will become Guilty of Felony, and be liable to be Transported for Seven Years'.

SCENE VIII
(*Loveless' Cottage*)

LOVELESS: See, Betsy, here is a paper I have picked up. It is a copy of a proclamation—and it is directed against us. This is Squire Frampton's doing, I will be bound. Whoever put all this into his head about unlawful oaths and suchlike?

MRS. L. (*reading*): Oh, what is this about Felony and Seven Years' Transportation? George, it is not safe. You've gone too far.

LOVELESS: It is only a trick. They mean to try and frighten us out of our Union.

(*Knocking heard*)

MRS. L.: What is that? Oh, it is the Constable, George. Quick, hide that paper, that proclamation. Put it in your pocket.

CONSTABLE: George Loveless, I have here a warrant for your arrest. You are charged, together with James Hammett, Thomas Stanfield, John Stanfield, James Brine and James Loveless, that you did secretly administer, or consent to the administration of an illegal oath to one Edward Legg of Affpuddle in the County of Dorset, contrary to the statute of his late Majesty King George the Third . . .

SCENE IX

(*In Court at Dorchester Assizes, March 17, 1834*)

BARON WILLIAMS: It is my duty as Judge to inform you, Gentlemen of the Jury, that you must first satisfy yourselves as to the illegality of the oath which Legg says he took, and which was administered to other members of the Society. The precise formality of the oath is not under enquiry. But to sustain and prove this charge, you must be satisfied that the oath administered to Legg was to bind him not to divulge the secrets of the Society; if so, it will come within the meaning of the Act. It is also a question you will have to decide, whether the dress of James Loveless—which resembled a clergyman's surplice—was not intended to give a degree of solemnity and additional force to the proceedings. Again, the representation of a Skeleton and Death's Head, although the latter might not resemble that described by Milton, seems also to have been intended to strike awe on the minds of the persons to whom the oath was administered. From the evidence of Mr. and Mrs. Whetham, of Dorchester, it appears, on the confession of one of the prisoners himself, who applied to them for two paintings, that the society to which he belonged was a secret one; and he did not choose to divulge anything more to Mr. Whetham than that he wanted a representation of Death, six feet in height, and a Skeleton with a scythe in the right hand. Now it is for you to consider whether these things were not intended to strike awe upon the beholders. The Skeleton having a scythe was, I suppose, intended to represent Time, which mows down everything before him. But this, with the exception of the Scythe, was a rather unusual emblem. For Time, as you must well know, is generally represented as an old man, bald behind, and having a tuft of hair in front, which has led to the proverbial expression of taking time by the forelock. Now those rules of the Society which speak of a violation of an obligation evidently refer to the oath which was administered by the prisoners, that such violation would be deemed by the Society a crime. Then I have here a book, which was found in the house of the prisoner George Loveless, and which belongs to the Society. It contains the names of several persons—including those of the prisoners—who are members of that Society, and who contributed to its funds . . . You should mark that, Members of the Jury. These poor labourers, who are supposed by some to be starving, are forced to contribute from their scanty earnings no less a sum than one shilling upon entrance, and one penny every week of their lives—that is, four shillings and fourpence in the year—to this Society. Why, it is such a large and ample contribution as would not be endured by any class of men to be contributed to the constituted authorities of the county, or the maintenance of the Government itself. And this is the Society with its Death's Head and its Skeleton, to which new members are admitted under promise of secrecy, and with threats of plunging their souls into eternity. Members of the Jury, this is without doubt a horrid proceeding. Whether it is also illegal, I must leave it to you to decide, drawing your conclusions from the facts which I have given you, and from the whole chain of evidence which you have had laid before you. But I must say this, upon my conscience. If these wicked men had been allowed to go on with their wicked plans, they would have destroyed property. If, therefore, you do not find them guilty you will not only forfeit the goodwill and confidence of the Members of the Grand Jury, but you will help to undermine the very foundations upon which our whole society rests. Members of the Jury, you will now retire, and deliberate upon your verdict . . .

SCENE X

(*In Court, later*)

BARON WILLIAMS: Now, Members of the Jury, have you considered well your verdict?

FOREMAN: We have, my Lord.

BARON WILLIAMS: Do you find the prisoners at the Bar guilty, or not guilty?

FOREMAN: Guilty, my lord.

BARON WILLIAMS: And that is the verdict of you all?

FOREMAN: Yes, my lord, of all of us.

BARON WILLIAMS: Prisoners at the Bar, have you anything that you wish to say before I pass the sentence of the Law upon you?

LOVELESS: Yes, my Lord. I have been asked, my Lord, to say this on behalf of my brother-labourers and myself. In all that we have done, we were uniting to preserve ourselves, our wives and our children from utter degradation and starvation. We have injured no man's reputation, character, person or property. We ask that to be taken into account.

BARON WILLIAMS: George Loveless, and you James Hammett, Thomas Stanfield, John Stanfield, James Brine, and James Loveless—you have been adjudged guilty by a jury of your fellow-countrymen, of the crime of secretly administering unlawful oaths contrary to your loyalty to our Sovereign King William the Fourth, and to his proclamation made in this county of Dorset. I observed that in your defence you have stated that you did not mean harm to anyone by your proceedings. But whatever may have been your intentions—and it is not for me to say what you may have had hidden in your breasts—sure I am that the conduct of men who secretly withdraw themselves from all public notice is liable to grow worse in consequence of such withdrawal. The object of all legal punishment is not altogether with the view of operating on the offenders themselves; it is also for the sake of offering an example and a warning. Therefore I am not sentencing you for any crime you have committed, or that it could be proved that you were about to commit, but as an example to the working classes of this country. Having deliberated well and seriously on the evidence and nature of your offence, I feel I am bound to adjudge that you, and each of you, be transported to such places beyond the seas as His Majesty's Council in their discretion may see fit, for the term of Seven Years.

SCENE XI

(*In Hobart, Tasmania. The Governor's Office*)

GOVERNOR: Who is next on the list?

WARDER: Convict No. 848, your Excellency. Name of George Loveless, Sir. Landed at Hobart yesterday.

GOVERNOR: Let me see. Ah, Loveless. A dangerous man, hm! The Privy Council's special note. 'Be sure to inform Governor Arthur on arrival that this prisoner was sentenced for administering secret and unlawful oaths to members of a trade union. He should be watched carefully when he reaches Tasmania and prevented from stirring up sedition among the convicts and settlers'. Well, fetch him in.

(*Enter LOVELESS*)

Now, Number 848, I have heard of you. You come here with a bad record.

LOVELESS: Sir, I never did any man hurt, nor any property damage.

GOVERNOR: But you stirred up conspiracy against your masters at home.

LOVELESS: A Union, Sir, and our wages were but seven shillings a week. We asked only justice, Sir.

GOVERNOR: And you swore your fellows to secrecy. Sedition and conspiracy together. What a fool you have been for having anything to do with such things. What object had you in view in doing so?

LOVELESS: The motives by which we were influenced was to prevent our wives and families from being utterly degraded and starved.

GOVERNOR: Pooh, pooh! No such thing. What? Cannot labouring men live by their labour?

LOVELESS: Not always now, Sir.

GOVERNOR: I mean good labouring men. Surely they can live comfortably?

LOVELESS: No, Sir, times have been in England when labour was well rewarded, but it is not so now. There is many a good and willing workman that can't get employed at all, and others get so little for their labour, that it is impossible for them to live if they have families.

GOVERNOR: But you know that you did very wrong, don't you?

LOVELESS: I had no idea whatever that I was violating any law.

GOVERNOR: You might as well say, 'I have done very wrong, I acknowledge it, and am sorry for it'.

LOVELESS: I cannot do that, Sir, until I see it.

GOVERNOR: I see you are stubborn. But I must tell you, you have now come to a land where discipline and hard labour are the order of the day. You will be watched at your work, and if I hear the slightest report of rebellion on your part, you will be flogged, and on a repeated offence, you will be hanged. Now, to begin with, I intend to send you to the

chain-gang to work on the new road we are making at Hobart Harbour. But if you show yourself sober and well-behaved, I daresay later on I can find you work on the Government farm.

LOVELESS: Thank you, Sir.

GOVERNOR: If you have left a wife and family behind, you had better write home and make arrangements for them to follow you out here. The nature of your crime, and the length of your sentence make it impossible that you will ever be allowed to return to England.

LOVELESS: Sir, will you permit me to speak of what I saw yesterday?

GOVERNOR: Yesterday—what is that?

LOVELESS: Our ship landed three hundred emigrants—women, Sir, mostly of good character. Sir, they were landed at noon. Upwards of two thousand persons stood upon the beach to receive them, like wild beasts, shouting insult and ribaldry. Sir, I thought of the Cities of the Plain, Sodom and Gomorrah.

GOVERNOR: Convict, you have a bold tongue in your head. I cannot hear you further now, but I shall keep my eye upon you. . . .

SCENE XII

(*The Loveless' Cottage. DR. WARREN and MRS. LOVELESS*)

WARREN: I am indeed sorry for your distress, Mrs. Loveless. Though your husband's rash behaviour has brought its own punishment, there is no one who wishes to see you and your children suffer too. I have written up to London on your behalf, and enquired of the Home Office. And the advice I have received is that you should apply at once for a passage for yourself and the children to join Loveless in Tasmania, where it is likely he will be settled on a piece of land. I hope you will not be kept from accepting this advice—which I am sure is good—by the vain expectation that he will return to England when his sentence expires. I am told a transported felon is rarely, if ever, allowed to come home.

MRS. L.: Oh, Doctor Warren, do not say that. Am I never to see him again? How are we to live?

WARREN: It will be easy, if you obey the Government's wish, and emigrate.

MRS. L. (*sobbing*): But, Sir, I have had a letter from George, and he draws a sad picture of conditions out there. Bread is uncommonly dear, he says, more than double what it is in England—and God knows how little we can buy of it here! 'Thousands of people', he writes, 'are actually starving in Tasmania'—oh, Mr. Warren, what am I to do? (*Sobbing*)

WARREN: Well, there is nothing but the poor-house if you refuse to go.

(*A knocking is heard*)

But I see you have a visitor. I shall leave you to think matters over, Mrs. Loveless. (*Goes.*)

(*Footsteps receding, door opens*)

WARREN: Excuse me, Sir.

(*Enter DR. WAKLEY*)

WAKLEY: Good day to you, Sir.

WAKLEY: Mrs. Loveless, I believe.

MRS. L.: (*Sobs*)

WAKLEY: Come, madam, I am a friend. My name is Wakley, and I have come down from London. You have more friends there than you know of. Last week there marched a mighty procession from King's Cross all the way to Whitehall, to present a petition for your husband's and the other men's release. Half a million names were at the foot of that petition, Mrs. Loveless.

MRS. L.: Oh, Sir, is it true? Is there any hope for us?

WAKLEY: Down here in Dorset, you have squire and parson against you, but up in London there are thousands, millions who say that a great injustice has been done. Now I am a Member of Parliament, for Finsbury in London. But I will be your Member, too, Mrs. Loveless, as if I sat for Dorchester. Don't be afraid, we shall bring your husband back home again.

(*Mrs. Loveless sobs*)

There, there . . . I have to speak about your husband's case next week in the House of Commons. Have you any news of him —?

MRS. L.: Indeed, Sir, yes.

WAKLEY: Any letters which I could see, describing his condition?

MRS. L.: I have them here, Mr. Wakley. Here is one from Spithead, the very day they took him off to those terrible hulks. 'I thank you, my dear wife,' he writes, 'for the consideration that you have ever paid me, and you may safely rely upon it that so long as I live, it will be my constant endeavour to return that kindness in every possible way'. Oh, Sir, what a husband, when shall I see him again? And here is another letter written at sea. 'Be satisfied, my dear Betsy, on my account. Don't send me any money to distress

yourself. I shall do well, for He Who is the Lord of the winds and waves will be my support in life and death'. . . .

WAKLEY: Be of good heart, Mrs. Loveless. I shall go at once to Parliament, and shall not rest until a free pardon be granted to your husband and his comrades.

SCENE XIII

(*In the House of Commons*)

WAKLEY: Now I ask the House, and in particular I ask the honble. members who sit opposite me on the Front Bench, whether it is possible for you to believe that these men imagined they were committing any offence against the Law, in establishing such a Union? Was it proved in Court that any of the men had been guilty of threatening their fellow labourers, or in any degree giving offence to their neighbours? I have evidence, on the contrary, that six better labourers, and more honest men, did not exist in the kingdom. (*Voices: 'Oh! Oh!'*) I say they were most exemplary persons, and two of them, George and James Loveless, had by dint of study and application become so qualified in mental capacity as to be enabled to give lectures to their fellow labourers, and had even been received into the Wesleyan Conference as preachers. No men in the neighbourhood had better theological knowledge, though in political discussions neither had ever taken part in his life. Who then can describe the cruelty of the sentence passed on these men? I blush for the character of my country, as I relate the particulars of such a barbarous transaction. Never shall I forget, when I asked Mrs. Loveless whether she had received any letters that would enable me to judge of George Loveless' character, with what trembling hands she gave me the documents, her countenance denoting almost insupportable agony, scarcely mitigated by an unceasing flow of tears, and her little children witnessing and partaking of the sorrows of the scene. This poor woman—and the wives of the other transported labourers too—has had her husband taken from her as a result of a prosecution which was one uniform and unmitigated act of tyranny. (*A Voice: 'Hear, hear!' and murmurs.*) And this, my lord, is your boasted England. This is your country of equal laws and equal justice! I do appeal to your lordship—(*Cries of 'Oh! Oh!' and THE SPEAKER says, 'I must remind the Honourable Member for Finsbury, that he is out of order'*)—I am aware that I am out of order in addressing the Noble Lord personally, but I trust that he will receive the appeal personally. I call upon him to extend justice, mercy, to these men. I therefore move that an humble address be presented to the King praying that His Majesty would be pleased to grant a pardon to, and direct the recall of, the six Dorchester labourers who were convicted at Dorchester in the spring of 1834 on a charge of having administered oaths not required by law, and were thereupon sentenced to be transported for seven years . . . (*Voices: 'Hear, hear! I agree! They must be pardoned!'*—general murmur)

SCENE XIV

(*In Tasmania, in the Governor's Office*)

WARDER: Sir!

GOVERNOR: What now?

WARDER: A man outside, Sir, a discharged convict. Says he must see you.

GOVERNOR: 'Must', indeed. Fine language for a gaol-bird. Tell him to take himself off.

WARDER: I have done so, Sir. But he will not go. Says something about a free passage he is entitled to.

GOVERNOR: Nonsense. However, let him in.

(*Enter LOVELESS*)

WARDER: Here he is, Sir.

GOVERNOR: Well! What do you mean by leaving your work? What do you want here?

LOVELESS: My pardon, Sir. My passage home.

GOVERNOR: Your passage home? Are you mad?

LOVELESS: No, Sir, I have it here. The *London Dispatch* of last April. See what it says, 'Mr. Wakley's petition in Parliament, Lord John Russell's reply. His Majesty has been pleased to grant a full pardon to all the labourers convicted at Dorchester, and directions have been given to the Governors of New South Wales and Tasmania to facilitate their immediate return to England by the grant of a free first-class passage on board ship'. Sir, that was last April. It is now November. I only saw it by chance last night.

GOVERNOR: What is your name?

LOVELESS: George Loveless.

GOVERNOR: Why, what you say is true. You have been pardoned. You ought to have been on your way home by now.

LOVELESS: And no one ever told me. But, Sir, when can I have my passage?

GOVERNOR: The passenger ship sailed last week, and you have missed it. The next is not for a month.

LOVELESS: Sir, I cannot brook the delay. Every hour that has passed since I read that paper has been an hour of suspense for me. Consider all that we have endured. I have wandered over the face of Tasmania as an outcast, yet I have been luckier than my brother James who has been half-starved and threatened with flogging; luckier, too, than the Stanfields who have been imprisoned and chained to vile criminals for no fault whatever.

GOVERNOR: Well, if you are not particular to insist upon a first-class passage —

LOVELESS: I would travel in the hold of a slave ship to get home, Sir.

GOVERNOR: If so, I daresay I can find you a place upon a cattle boat, that is due to sail next Wednesday.

LOVELESS: Home, home. My Betsy once again!

SCENE XV

(In Dorchester. Sounds of crowd assembled)

A VOICE: Make way there! Room for the wives and children. Make way for Mrs. Loveless and Mrs. Stanfield, please.

EDWARD LEGG: Eh, there be Mrs. Loveless, looking as bonny as ever she was! Why, ma'am, I'm right glad to greet you on this joyful day, come to welcome your husband and the gaffers back from Australy. Eh, but it is a fine sight, these flaunting flags and a band of music and all.

MRS. LOVELESS: Is it you, Edward Legg? Good-morning!

LEGG: Yes, Mrs. Loveless, here be I likewise, come to do honour to the poor martyrs that have made Tolpuddle famous. And I am hopeful that you, ma'am, bear me no grudge for telling the tale against them at the Assizes. For in a manner of speaking, it was I that was the instrument of all the glory of this day.

(Bells)

MRS. L.: You have much to answer for, Edward Legg, but not to me. I forgive you as freely as my George will, when he comes.

LEGG: Ah, 'tis pity that Doctor Wakley has brought them off ship at Plymouth. He should have taken them on to London. Then they could have come down to Winchester in one of their newfangled locomotive trains, like Elijah in his fiery chariot.

MRS. L.: Be quiet now, Edward Legg.

(Coach approaches)

VOICES: Here they come! The Plymouth coach! See her now! Look, there's Dr. Wakley with them!

(Coach draws up)

WAKLEY: Friends, here we are, all of us —

VOICES: Hurrah! Liberty and justice! Hurrah for the gaffers of Tolpuddle! Hurrah for Doctor Wakley!

(Bells stop)

WAKLEY: Carefully now. Down you get, James Brine (cheers), John and Thomas Stanfield (cheers), James Loveless (cheers), George Loveless (cheers). Here's welcome home to you.

VOICE: Where is James Hammett?

WAKLEY: He is on his way still. The news of his pardon was kept from him, as it was from George Loveless, too —

VOICES: Shame!

WAKLEY: Ah, you have all passed through cruel sufferings, my men. But your troubles are now at an end. The glorious principles of liberty have been vindicated.

(Sounds of crowd fall into background)

MRS. L.: George, you at last!

LOVELESS: My Betsy! My children! Home again once more! Betsy, it is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.

MRS. L.: So it is, George. But let me look at you. Why, how thin you have grown!

LOVELESS: I have walked in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, Betsy. I have seen the dark side of the world. But what has happened at home?

MRS. L.: Our cottage is gone, George. They took it from me after you left . . .

WAKLEY'S VOICE: . . . And I am glad to tell you that we have been able to make provision for the future of every one of these persecuted men. With our Dorchester Labourers' Fund we have purchased a holding of land for each man in Essex, where he and his family may make a fresh start in life, far from this scene of unhappiness—yes, and form a Union, too, if he desires.

(Cheers)

LOVELESS: A fresh start. Yes, Betsy, that is in my mind, too. But I must tell you, Betsy, I am not the man I was. Coming back to England, I find England somehow different. Liberty has a new meaning now. I have seen the great spaces of sky and sea and land—I have felt the littleness of men's justice alongside the greatness of the Lord's creation. I have heard a call—a call to the Promised Land —

MRS. L.: Not back to Tasmania, George?

LOVELESS: Never. But forward to—what would you say to going to Canada, Betsy?

MRS. L.: I would say, George, what Ruth said to Naomi, 'Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God'.

LOVELESS: So be it. . . . Now, Doctor Wakley, the old hymn once again, just to show we've not forgot the Union. . . .

(Close with singing, 'God is our Guide')

London in 1710

London in 1710. From the Travels of Zacharias Conrad von Uffenbach. Edited by W. H. Quarrell and Margaret Mare. Faber. 7s. 6d.

THE FANATIC IS A MAN who sees a little and sees that little red—or black. This red or black blot he wishes to wipe out immediately; his hatred of it is so great that he cannot wait; he does not believe in the old saying *festina lente*, and we can all sympathise with his impatience. We, too, would like to live in a better world, a world from which these blots or stains upon civilisation were removed. But it is a chastening process for those who are revolutionaries to read such a book as *London in 1710*, from the travels of Zacharias Conrad von Uffenbach. Here is a contemporary account of what an intelligent German from Frankfurt-am-Main saw in 1710, when he with his brother, Johann Friedrich, made a trip to England, arriving at Harwich at midday on June 5, 1710, passing through Manningtree and Colchester, spending the night at Witham and entering London the next day via Chelmsford and Romford.

Now, the description of London and Londoners given by von Uffenbach, whose every line bears witness to an honest and impartial observer, can only be described as appalling. The reader pauses from time to time in amazement and asks himself is it possible that men were so barbarous, the conditions of life so filthy and disgusting in such a great city only two hundred years ago. But it was so; and reading of a London in 1710, which makes the London of 1934 seem like a veritable paradise, one asks oneself why should there be so much fuss, so much agitation about fascism or communism when the mere slow march of unalterable events will make the London of a hundred years hence a paradise beyond the imagination of Lenin, Hitler, H. G. Wells, or the most passionate idealist. For nobody, not even Mr. Wells, living in the London of 1710, however zealous for reform, could have imagined the London of 1934. On Monday, June 23, Uffenbach and his brother went to the Middle Temple, and he writes:

The hall in which they dine is on the ground floor and very large. . . . They dine here in as slovenly a fashion as they do in the colleges

in Oxford. The table had just been laid and on it were wooden platters and green earthenware pots into which the bones are cast; there were no napkins and the table-cloth looked as if a sow had just had a litter on it. We had no desire to dine there and we hastened to look at the Library.

Here is another extract:

Towards evening we drove to see the bull-baiting which is held here nearly every Monday in two places . . . First a young ox or bull was led in and fastened by a long rope to an iron ring in the middle of the yard; then about thirty dogs, two or three at a time, were let loose on him but he made short work of them, goring them and tossing them in the air above the height of the first storey. . . . Several had such a grip of the bull's throat or ear that their mouths had to be forced open with poles. When the bull had stood it tolerably long they brought out a small bear and tied him up in the same fashion. As soon as the dogs had at him, he stood up on his hind legs and gave some terrific buffets . . . But the most diverting and worst of all was a common little ass . . . with an ape on his back. As soon as a couple of dogs had been let loose on him he broke into a prodigious gallop . . . the ape began to scream most terribly. . . . Finally, another bull appeared on whom several crackers had been hung: when these were lit and several dogs let loose on him on a sudden, there was a monstrous hurly burly. And thus concluded this truly English sport, which vastly delights this nation but to me seemed nothing very special.

This book abounds in interesting detail which calls for quotation. It gives just the sort of concrete social information which historians as a rule neglect, and makes fascinating reading. After having perused it all through one echoes the travellers' heartfelt fervour at having left the country. They thank the Almighty that they have reached 'beautiful Holland' once more, and at least one reader is equally grateful that he lives in the London of 1934, and not in the London of 1710.

W. J. TURNER

Austria in London

A selection from the Austrian National Exhibition of industry, art, travel and sport now being held at Dorland Hall



The castle of Schönbrunn, by Bernardo Bellotto, showing the arrival of the news of the Austrian victory over the Prussians at Kunersdorf in 1759

Lent by the Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna



The battle of Mohacs—one of the three tapestries exhibited showing the victories of Charles V, Duke of Lorraine; designed by Charles Herbel

Lent by the Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna



Plate by Wilma Schelk, Steiermärkischer Werkbund, Graz
(contemporary)



Peasant Wedding—mural painting by Georg Jung
(contemporary)



Portrait of Viktor von Bauer, by Egon Schiele



Pottery group by Susi Singer-Schinnerl, Vienna
(contemporary)

Economics in a Changing World

Money Matters in Germany and America

By Commander STEPHEN KING-HALL

THERE are signs that in the near future there may once more be trouble due to the inability of the Germans to meet their foreign obligations. . . Let me tell you a little of the back history of all this German business so that when and if the situation begins to develop you will read the news against a certain background of fact. We really have to go back to the War.

It has been estimated that during the years 1914 to 1921 Germany lost about 45 per cent. of her pre-War national capital. You will remember that the years 1920 to 1923 witnessed a prolonged struggle between the Allies and Germany, and particularly between France and Germany, on the subject of reparations, and this led to the occupation of the Ruhr and a tremendous amount of inflation in Germany. During the inflation the Government practically liquidated its National Debt, which had been raised from a figure of £240 millions in 1914 to something over £8,000 millions in 1920, but the inflation also caused a tremendous redistribution of real wealth in favour of large financial and industrial interests and agriculturists. This led to a false prosperity, but when the mark was stabilised there was an immediate reaction. The Dawes Scheme of August, 1924, may be regarded as the first attempt to pull reparations out of politics and put them into economics. That is to say, it was the first effort of the victorious Powers to fix reparations on the basis of what Germany *could* pay rather than of what they thought she *ought* to pay. A very important feature of the Dawes Scheme was that German payments depended on the general price level. German industry had, as I have said, lost a great part of her working capital, but it so happened that at this time there was a very prosperous America, and the Americans were almost at their wits' end to know what to do with their surplus capital. Foreign capital flowed into Germany and this flood went on until about 1929. About 70 per cent. of the long-term capital going into Germany was American. Towards the end of this period the short-term flow of capital also became very considerable. By means of this foreign financing with which the German industrialists had secured new equipment, the German nation had a surplus balance of trade in 1929 and 1930, but on the other side of the picture the interest payments which Germany now had to make abroad had risen from about £150 millions in 1924 to over £1,200 millions in 1930, and it appeared that Germany was faced with the alternative of either borrowing on an increasing scale or else increasing this favourable balance of trade. But this latter course was very difficult because 85 per cent. of her imports consisted of raw materials and foodstuffs, while 75 per cent. of her exports consisted of manufactured goods. It was almost impossible to close down her imports and an increase of her exports was difficult because already at the time which we have now reached, say 1929-30, the crash had occurred in New York, the price level had begun to fall, the crisis was growing in strength and restrictions on trade were beginning to grow.

On the other hand, there were not wanting foreign observers, including the Agent-General for Reparations, who criticised some of the uses to which the Germans were putting the borrowed money. The Dawes Plan, as you will remember, was succeeded by the Young Plan which most unfortunately—at least I think most people will agree with me when I use that word—did *not* include the provision that German payments should vary with the price level. The factor which still governed the situation was that Germany could not meet her obligations without an increase in her export trade, and as the world crisis developed and budgetary deficits began to appear in Germany, foreign lending fell off and Germany was quite unable to meet her reparation payments. A temporary relief was given by the Hoover Moratorium, and at the Lausanne Conference reparations virtually disappeared. But as the crisis put pressure on other countries, especially Great Britain, the short-term lenders endeavoured to get their money back: This was impossible and so stand-still arrangements had to be made. Since the accession to power of the Nazi Government in Germany the German financial authorities have declared their inability to continue to make even the limited payments under

the stand-still agreements. In addition the Nazi Government are committed to a policy of vast public works which must be financed internally whilst at the same time it is the declared intention of Germany to stay on the gold standard—or gilt standard, as it has been called in the case of countries which remain on gold by the device of rigidly controlling the exports of foreign exchange.

The latest figures of the German budget for 1934-35 have just been published, and there is an increase on the expenditure side of 531 million marks. Part of this increase is an increase of 220 million marks for the Defence Ministry. This is the item concerning which the British Government addressed enquiries to the German Government a few days ago. On the whole it must be said that if the German authorities are determined not to resort to any form of inflation, direct or indirect, it would seem that they have a difficult task in front of them, and that the immediate resumption of increased interest payments on foreign debts is not a very likely contingency.

We must now go to the United States of America where President Roosevelt's return from his holiday has coincided with a number of important developments. He has signed the Johnson Bill, the effect of which is to close the American money market to the foreign nations which are in default in their obligations to the United States.

So far as his domestic situation is concerned it looks as if a sharp struggle may develop between the President and Congress on the subject of silver. There have always been rather strong political influences in America which support silver, and the news from the other side seems to indicate that this Silver Bill may get a good deal of support from the politicians. In principle its proposals are to buy all the silver in America at the world price, and then it is proposed that the Treasury should revalue this silver at \$1.29 an ounce, which is about three times the present price, and issue currency against the silver reserves valued at this price. When that has happened, on January 1, 1935, the Treasury is to buy 50 million ounces of silver a month until the price of silver is forced up to \$1.29, or until commodity prices rise to the 1926 level.

I don't know whether you have followed this: it is not really worth going into the details until we see whether the Bill becomes law, but if you haven't, I think it will be enough if you take it from me that the root idea behind the promoters of this Silver Bill is inflationary. It is simply a method of increasing the basis of credit. Senator Thomas, of Oklahoma, said that 'if the Bill is enacted things will begin to hum'. As there is evidence from other directions that the President and his immediate advisers are anxious at the moment to lie low in the matter of further monetary experiments, it is not unlikely that the preliminary hummings are already taking place.

The third very interesting item of news from America is the publication of the preliminary figures for the balance of payments for 1933. The American statistics in this matter are exceptionally good, and it is very interesting, and incidentally very important, to notice that it is provisionally estimated that America had a so-called favourable balance for the year 1933 of \$193 millions. In 1928 she had a favourable balance of \$725 millions. This dropped to the low figure of \$131 millions in 1932. Her merchandise export surplus has been going down consistently from a figure of \$1,037 millions in 1928 to \$226 millions in 1933. The question is, how is America going to receive this credit of \$193 millions due to her in 1933? If she will not take it in goods, and if there is not gold available for this purpose, then the only other way would be for America to lend this amount abroad; but as I told you a few moments ago, the President has just signed the Johnson Bill which closes the money markets to all countries in default on war debts, etc., to America, and the greater part of this figure of \$193 millions is owing to America by those countries.

The answer is that if America will not take goods—we can leave out gold, though she might take silver—and if she will not lend, then she will not receive. Or in other words there will be a further series of defaults or reductions of interest in payment to America.



The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C. Yearly Subscription rates (including postage): Home and Canada, 17s. 4d.; Foreign, 19s. 6d. Shorter periods, pro rata

'What the Public Wants'

THE jungle picture season will soon be on us again', announces a contemporary cinema magazine. Bigger and better thrills will be provided: a man killed by an alligator, a leopard fighting a python, a tiger fighting a lion. 'We are apparently going back to the days of Rome under the Cæsars', comments Sir Hesketh Bell, 'when fights to the death between various wild animals were the spectacles offered to the citizens'. And all of this, we are told, is 'what the public wants'. It is a convenient doctrine and one which is taken to justify not only the most vulgar films, but all kinds of unsightly manufactured articles, buildings, furniture and clothes. We cannot wonder that those who wish to censor brutal films, or to improve the design of our everyday surroundings, should challenge this doctrine of a public taste. Taste, they maintain, does not belong to the public, but is the result of some form or other of compulsion. The boom in Henry VIII, for instance, was not produced by a sudden public clamour for that monarch in preference to Nero or Cleopatra; the taste was created by those who had spent thousands on producing a film and wished to get their money back again. It is the same story with every game that becomes a sudden craze, from diabolo to yo-yo. Whether these amusements are good in themselves is another matter: the point is that the wrong forces will continue to influence taste and mould environment until we dispense with the doctrine of 'what the public wants'.

To raise the level of popular and industrial art, to improve the looks of our surroundings, we must work on the assumption that public taste is the creation and not the master of the producer. This has recently been emphasised by Mr. Edmund Dulac, in a letter to *The Times*. Much might be effected, he believes, by 'half a dozen leading manufacturers coming together under a solemn pact to ignore the middleman's "knowledge" and give him to distribute only such goods as would fulfil modern requirements of good taste'. For this purpose they would need advice, and it would be an advantage therefore to form 'some central committee of artists who would act as guides and censors'. The dilemma of our age is that we are almost all conscious of our present exploitation. While acquiescing in it, we nevertheless realise that what is called public taste is simply the lowest common factor of ourselves, and that the worst elements in the films or the ugliness of Oxford Street symbolise nothing, unless it be the ruthless power of commerce. What we do not perhaps

so clearly realise is the extent to which our health, our sense of life, depend upon the imaginative content of our surroundings, and how by weakly resigning ourselves to hideous streets and suburbs because the public is supposed to like glaring shop-signs and sham half-timbering, we are doing ourselves positive damage.

Once it has been clearly established that 'what the public wants', as generally accepted, means in fact what the public has been bullied into wanting, and is therefore the most improper of all criterions, the further question arises: can the public be taught really to want anything intelligently for itself when it comes to matters of taste? Several interesting attempts have been made to work out a technique for the development of individual taste. In the field of art and crafts, there is the Design and Industries Association, there is the paper *Design for Today*, there are energetic individuals like Miss Margaret Bulley (many of our readers will remember how they formed the raw material of one of her experiments last year). The normal method of all these is by comparison, for the experimenters believe that if the ordinary man can be taught to distinguish the good from the bad, he will provide his own defence against commercial exploitation. But there are limits to what can be achieved in this direction. A clever person can often acquire the trick of discrimination, without acquiring true appreciation. A class of children, shown several pairs of pictures in succession and asked to say which of each pair it prefers, will quickly pick up what the lecturer thinks good, and give answers which, though correct, do not at all express their own private likings. And the danger is that this quickness which makes them answer correctly will not preserve them on another occasion from propaganda for bad art—only a positive and genuine good taste, with which 'correctness' has little to do, can achieve that. There is too the other danger, of over-emphasising good taste as an end in itself—for it might be argued that pure æsthetic pleasure is not for everybody, and that there are many different ways of enjoying beautiful objects or fine literature. We cannot know how a man of the Middle Ages felt towards Chartres or Canterbury Cathedral, but it would surely be hard to separate the religious and æsthetic feeling. It is doubtful therefore if the development of a sensibility, which is isolated from a vital and central conception of life, can much affect the form and quality of an age. Ultimately it would seem that the doctrine of 'what the public wants' is made plausible by inertia rather than lack of discrimination. And if this be so, the now steady stream of protests against the horrors of popular and industrial art should be taken as signs of better things to come.

Week by Week

THE special Committee of the R.I.B.A. on Slum Clearance has now issued its report. During its two-year period of deliberation public opinion has developed in intensity, and the members of the Committee have therefore been led to take a wide view of the subject. From suggestions for expediting the work under existing powers, they have passed to a treatment of slum clearance in relation to replanning. All suggestions in the former category are directed to the speeding up of the process of slum clearance, to the effecting of this with the least amount of distress and friction possible, and to the co-ordinating of the various activities involved, by means of a whole-time housing director to be appointed in all large cities. Even so the Committee does not foresee the 'slums being cleared away in any period to which a reasonable limit can be set'. It is the consideration of new powers which raises 'the relation between rehousing and replanning—two matters which are inextricably connected'. The main problem in the replanning of central and populous areas lies in estimating the 'proper proportion of such areas to be reserved for industrial, commercial and residential purposes'. This leads to the Committee's first recommendation that 'all built-up areas should

be zoned'. Next, in order to ensure the free movement of traffic, on which the efficiency of industry depends, industries not tied to central areas by geographical necessities should be transferred into outer areas, garden cities or suburban towns. Since such transference and resettlement of industries can only be satisfactorily determined in relation to a national plan—far beyond the powers of Local Authorities—the Committee suggests the creation of a National Executive Authority, 'with power to plan on a national scale, and to act in default of such local authorities as were not prepared to take part in the carrying out of such a plan'. The form and function of this society, it is suggested, should be considered at a conference between such bodies as the Town Planning Institute, the Chartered Surveyors Institution and the Garden Cities and Town Planning Council.

* * *

The Chinese have an aesthetic principle, called *Feng Shui*—'the way of wind and water'—which demands that all buildings must conform to the spirit of their natural surroundings: in defence of it they have been known to uproot telegraph poles from a landscape with which they were not felt to harmonise. It is a principle formerly much observed in the English countryside—the Stroud Valley is one district where the wind and water that shaped the hills and valleys seem also once to have been an influence in the shaping of the houses. The country round the Peak is another: and it is with a view to ensuring that the principle shall continue to be recognised there that the C.P.R.E. have just issued a pamphlet on *Housing in the Peak District*.^{*} Improvement in transport has now made it possible for people who work in Sheffield, Stockport, Macclesfield, Buxton and Chesterfield to live in the Peak District. There has consequently been a great deal of building there in the last few years, there is likely to be considerably more; and the C.P.R.E.'s business is to see that these new buildings shall not only not disfigure, but shall positively increase, the natural beauty of the countryside. The book deals first with the general principles which have made the old houses, built in the vernacular tradition, so satisfactory a feature in the landscape. The suitability of using local stone is shown by adjacent photographs of a gritstone edge and a gritstone cottage, limestone scenery and a limestone cottage; the importance of following the natural contour of the landscape is emphasised by contrasting pictures of a village of old houses grouped together below the skyline, and a straggle of villas built along it. Then, realising that it is no use encouraging the layman to take an interest in the design of houses if he has not enough knowledge of the technical processes of construction with which to argue with his architect or builder, the C.P.R.E. back up their general points with careful lists of suitable building materials, and simple discussions of the use and appropriateness of various architectural features—gables and hipped ends, chimney cappings, quoins, barge boards, etc. Whether the ideal of modest and self-effacing houses laid down here should be accepted everywhere, is another matter. The whitewashed cottages of the West Highlands, set against bare brown hills, prove that sometimes contrast with surroundings can also be admired: and the hill-top positions of many of the big Yorkshire country houses, that conspicuousness may not always be a vice. Probably each district has its own natural laws in this matter: and we hope this present pamphlet will not only encourage the Peak population to give practical effect to its recommendations, but also stimulate country dwellers elsewhere to consider the problem in the light of the characteristic features of their own locality.

* * *

The generous action of the poet's mother and the Friends of the National Libraries in presenting the original manuscripts of Wilfred Owen's war poems to the British Museum is unusual: too often such collections are allowed to disperse, items are lost, the task of preparing a critical edition becomes unnecessarily difficult, and when public interest is aroused the collection is brought together again only after considerable trouble and expense. The poetry of Wilfred Owen is important not only as an exact record of the response of an intelligent, sensitive and courageous man to the ghastliness of modern war, but also because like all good poetry it contrived to say more than the poet consciously intended. It was Owen himself who said: 'Above all I am not concerned with Poetry. My

subject is War, and the pity of War. The Poetry is in the pity'. And yet 'his subject' was not War, but human suffering in general: perhaps general truths are best stated in poetry when the poet is aware only of the particular instance, and good poetry is only written when the poet is too closely concerned with the presentation of his subject to be aware of any intention of writing poetry in general. Because Owen's attitude to 'War, and the pity of War' is appropriate far beyond the immediate circumstances in which he wrote, and because the directness and simplicity of his writing, and the fall in pitch of his deliberate half-rhymes, is exactly suited to that attitude, his poetry has become a model to some of our younger poets. But this presentation to the Museum is something more than a tribute to the work of a single poet. It was another poet, Siegfried Sassoon (who was once recommended for the Victoria Cross), who in 1916, speaking of courage, said to Robert Graves, 'We have to keep up the good reputation of the poets'; and he might have added that, by thinking of poetry in the midst of war, they were keeping up a different tradition, not simply that of General Wolfe or Sir Philip Sidney, but the more general 'amateur' tradition of the Englishman by which, no matter how much he may be involved in practical affairs, he still professes that his real interests are elsewhere. It is a profession which appears ridiculous at times, but it ensures a level-headedness and absence of fanaticism, and it preserves a certain dignity and inner courage, a feeling that one is not wholly at the mercy of the brutality of things. The poets who wrote in the early days of the War, Rupert Brooke, Julian Grenfell, Charles Sorley, were carried away by a generous enthusiasm and a romantic conception of battle, but those who served right through the War, Wilfred Owen (who was killed on the eve of the Armistice) Siegfried Sassoon, Edmund Blunden, Robert Graves, and Herbert Read, were perhaps more typical in this: that they continued to fulfil their duties as soldiers, they 'kept up the good reputation of the poets', but at the same time they remembered that they were not only soldiers, they maintained their loyalty to poetry and all that poetry implies, and judged the War itself by those implicit standards. For that reason the presentation of these manuscripts, many of them written in the trenches, will be welcomed not only by students of poetry, but by Englishmen in general.

* * *

Paradoxically enough, the bristling difficulties of Welsh place-names are probably the best guarantee of their being correctly pronounced. Any Welshman coming new to Scone or Slaithwaite or Milngavie would probably not hesitate for a second, so innocent appear these phonetic booby-traps; but any Englishman or Scotsman faced with Gwyddelwern or Llanddewi'r cwm would know what agonies of tongue-twisting he was in for—and would probably resort to spelling. A glance at the B.B.C.'s latest pamphlet of Recommendations to Announcers, which deals with *The Pronunciation of some Welsh Place-Names*, will show how right this hesitation is. For it demonstrates that Welsh also has its booby-traps; that a knowledge of how to pronounce Cwm is of no use in coping with Pwll; that the voiceless *ll* the Englishman bravely blows into the middle of Llanely will make a mock of him if he puts it into Kidwelly. There are, too, variants within Welsh, between which a choice has to be made: the present pamphlet follows the pronunciation of Welsh people speaking English—when they speak Welsh the names sound considerably different—and of South Wales rather than North; in the case of names where an anglicised form exists side by side with the Welsh (there are many in the border counties) that most common among the inhabitants is preferred. With this pamphlet, the Advisory Committee of the B.B.C. has now completed its survey of difficult place-name pronunciations in the kingdom; this list, and those previously issued for England and Scotland, between them deal with over 3,000 place-names. In all three, the same general principles have been observed. Every attempt has been made to find out the usage of the people on the spot. But at the same time intelligibility to the majority of listeners has had to be the final criterion; so that when a curious pronunciation is used only by the inhabitants of a place it has been passed over, for the purpose of broadcasting, in favour of one that most listeners will recognise. And the general wisdom of this policy is evidenced by the remarkably few protests that have been received.

^{*}Obtainable from the Sheffield and Peak District Committee of the C.P.R.E., Endcliffe Vale House, Sheffield 10. Price 1s.

The Week Abroad

Hitler's Germany

By V. BODKER

Broadcast from Berlin on April 19

GERMANY, which for the past year or so has provided the world with plenty of interesting, not to say sensational, news, appears to be on the way to becoming standardised and normalised, so that, in my opinion at least, it will, for the next few months, provide somewhat dull reading for those who have been following the course of events in this country with attention. That is not to say, of course, that nothing interesting is happening, or is going to happen, in Germany. What I mean is that the same process is going on here as went on in Russia and Italy after the revolutions in those countries. People are settling down to conditions as they exist, and are making the best of them; some of them grudgingly, perhaps; others willingly; others even with enthusiasm. Berlin and other German cities present a perfectly normal appearance, and any foreigner visiting them will certainly have a very pleasant time, and he will find the people courteous and friendly, especially if he is English.

The shops of Berlin are not doing good business, owing to the fact that people are only buying what is absolutely essential in the way of food and clothing, so that there is scarcely any sale at all of so-called luxury articles. The cafés, restaurants, cabarets and dance palaces with which Berlin swarms, have also been badly hit during the past months, and many of them have closed altogether. Nevertheless, Berlin is still quite a gay town under the present somewhat puritanical regime of its Nazi Municipal Council, though certainly more subdued than it was a couple of years ago, when licence was allowed to run riot, with the result that Berlin had the reputation abroad of being a wicked city even than Paris.

A visitor coming here would see the streets thronged with well-dressed people; he would note the absence of beggars, and he would probably leave the city after a couple of days' stay convinced that all is well in Germany, and that the people under Hitler are happy and contented. But it must be remembered that it is extremely difficult, even after years of residence in a country, to get an accurate idea of what the masses are thinking about the conditions under which they live, for opinions are so varied. During the past few months I must have talked to hundreds of people on this subject, from Ministers and high Government officials to workmen and small shopkeepers, and their views on the benefits of the Hitler regime have by no means coincided. Those in the Government service have, naturally enough, taken a rosy view of the situation, and have pointed to the steady decrease in unemployment as proof that all is going well and that the country is solidly behind Adolf Hitler and his Government. But the small man, that is, the man in the street, the hairdresser, the butcher, the milkman, the factory workman, does not appear to share this optimism entirely. Whilst those who are in receipt of wages admit that they are not receiving less pay than formerly, they complain that they have to pay out much more now in taxation and so-called voluntary subscriptions to all sorts of organisations and relief schemes. For example, a workman earning forty marks a week—which is £2 at par, and which is quite a good average wage for Germany—must reckon on paying ten marks, or one-fourth of his income, in taxes, insurance, subscriptions, etc.—an extremely heavy burden on his pocket.

Despite the grumbling and the fact that there is undoubtedly some disaffection amongst the workers because their standard of living has not been raised during the past year—as was, indeed, admitted by Dr. Goebbels himself in a recent broadcast talk—I am personally convinced that it will remain at grumbling; for the German workman is at heart an easy-going fellow, and very loath to indulge in strikes, let alone a revolt or a revolution, particularly when he knows well that such an outbreak would be quite hopeless in view of the armed forces which the Government has at its disposal. The German is not, as a rule, a great fighter for a cause which he feels is lost, and that is, perhaps, one reason why so many Germans who, at one time, were either ardent Socialists or Communists, now shout 'Heil Hitler' with the most enthusiastic Brown Shirt, although they can hardly really have changed their political views. My personal opinion is that despite low wages and bad business,

especially among the smaller shopkeepers, thousands of whom are scarcely able to exist, the Hitler regime is as firmly consolidated as the Mussolini regime in Italy and the Stalin regime in Russia, and any counter-movement to it is out of the question. In fact, I believe that if Hitler were to order another general election next month, and it was carried out in a fair and proper manner, he would again have between 60 and 70 per cent. of the people voting for him.

The question as to how long the Hitler Government is going to last can perhaps be best answered with the story of the German peasant who, after a hot argument with others on this point in the village inn, said, 'Well, some people say he will last six months, and others say twenty years; but what I say is, time alone can tell; and I bet I'm right'. One certain fact is that the Hitler Government has just entered the second year of its reign. All open opposition to it is crushed entirely, and it can go ahead with its programme without the slightest fear that anybody can, or will, interfere with it. As regards internal affairs, the Government's chief aim will be to reduce unemployment still further, putting thousands of men on to work, some of which is unproductive; and it anticipates confidently that by the end of this year there will be at the most a million and a half unemployed in Germany as compared with the seven millions just over a year ago.

An interesting piece of news which has not yet been seen in the German Press is the transfer of Herr Diels, the 34-year-old efficient and energetic Inspector General of the Secret Police and Vice-President of the Berlin Police, from both these important posts. His health has suffered so much of late that it has been decided to offer him the highly responsible post of Governor of the Cologne District, whilst he will be replaced by Herr Himmler who is at present in charge of the police forces of Germany outside Prussia, and who will also be under Goering's directions.

The conflict in the Evangelical Church is attracting considerable notice, for there are roughly seven or eight thousand pastors out of eighteen thousand opposed to the leadership of the Church by Bishop Mueller—Hitler's nominee. A good many of them have been suspended from duty for showing their opposition in their sermons. Personally, I think this trouble will be patched up eventually. The opposition, it should be noted, is not directed against the Hitler regime as such, but against the efforts of the Church leaders to interpret the Scriptures in a new Nazi way. This has had the result that the churches which used to be empty are now crowded with people determined to show that they are still Christians in the whole sense of the term, and do not approve that the Church leaders should interpret the Scriptures in the Nazi way which says that the Old Testament is a Jewish fairy tale, and that the Virgin Mary was not a Jewess.

Then there are the Catholic Church's difficulties with the present regime which has led the Pope to issue some severe manifestoes against the Government's attitude towards the Catholic Youth Organisations. Hitler's agent in Rome, Dr. Buttman, has been negotiating for months with the Vatican in an effort to overcome the difficulties which have arisen in regard to the interpretation of the Concordat concluded between Germany and the Vatican, but as they have been unsuccessful there has even been some talk of the Vatican denouncing the Concordat, which, however, seems to me to be somewhat improbable.

Although the position of the German masses has not perhaps improved from the material point of view since Hitler took control of the country, it can scarcely be disputed by any foreign observer that the spirit of the people has undergone a change, in so far that they are more optimistic about the future of Germany as a nation, and believe that she will soon rank again as a great Power and will shake off the shackles of inferiority left behind as a result of the War. The feeling, of course, is due to the constant propaganda of the Press and the wireless, which has convinced the people that Germany at last has a strong Government at her helm which will brook no attack on the country's dignity and prestige; and for this

reason Hitler's foreign policy is undoubtedly whole-heartedly supported by the great mass of Germans—and especially in regard to disarmament. On this subject every German is convinced that Germany is entirely defenceless in case of attack by her powerfully-armed neighbours, and that this state of affairs must be remedied without delay, and that Hitler's Government must remedy it by re-arming to a certain extent cannot be doubted by anyone who has lived in this country in recent years. At the same time, the tale that Germany is building tanks and such like in defiance of the Treaty of Versailles has never been proved.

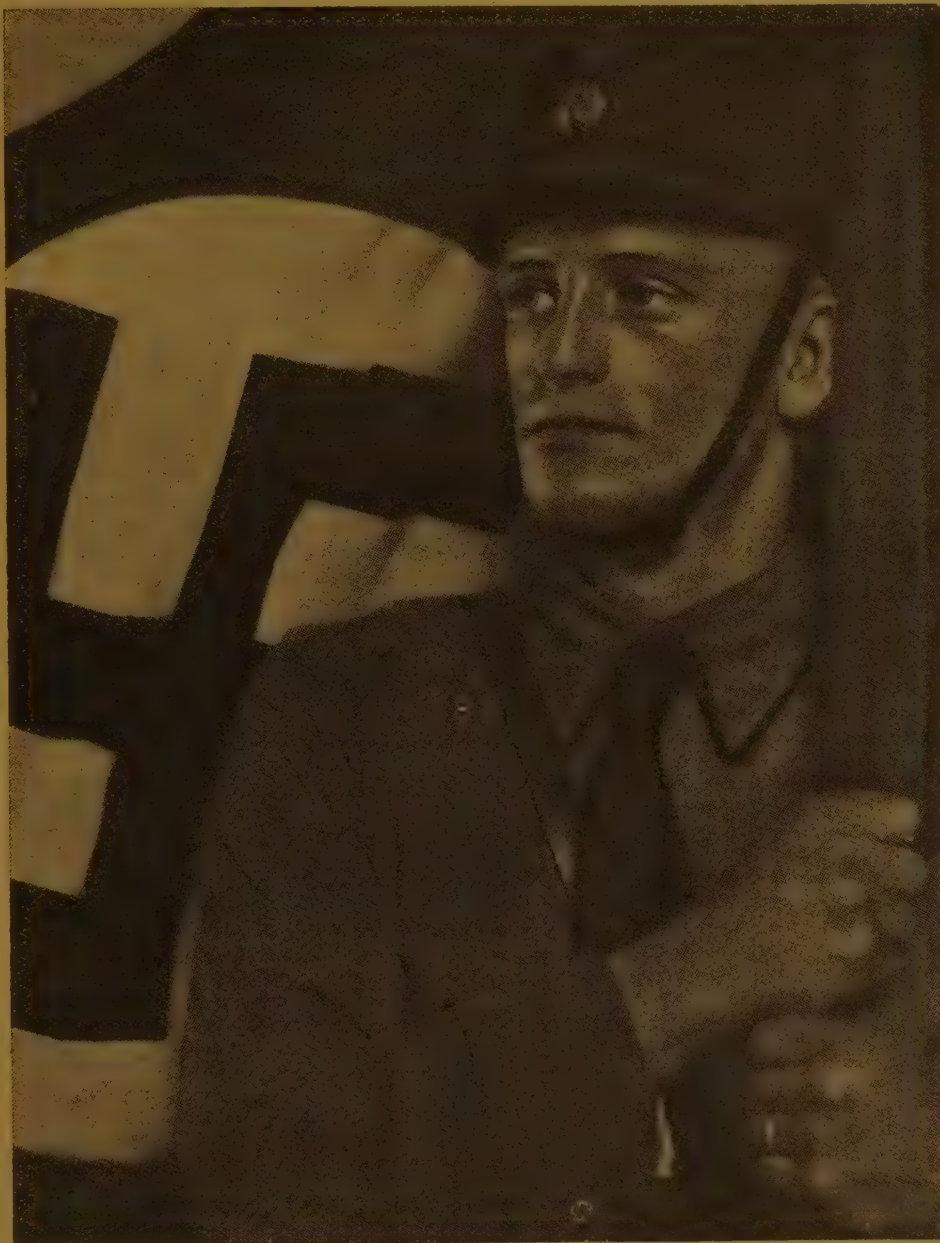
The French Note to Great Britain closed the door with a bang to all further attempts at disarmament. That is what German official quarters and the newspapers think about the latest development in the disarmament tangle, and the latter do not mince words in their denunciation of what they describe as 'France's brutal proclamation to the world' that she is not thinking for a moment of reducing her vast armies which constitute a permanent menace to Europe. The semi-official comment on the French Note declares that the whole idea behind it is that Germany should be compelled to return to Geneva so that France and the other highly-armed states should not only be able to negotiate there again interminably and hopelessly for many years on disarmament, but that Germany and the other disarmed nations should simply look on patiently whilst France increases her armies from year to year. It is believed here that the Note is an absolute repudiation of Germany's claim to equality, and destroys everything positive that has been accomplished in the long negotiations of the past.

The newspapers, taking their cue from official sources, are no less bitter. They repudiate the French allegation about Germany re-arming, and declare that France has always found excuses not to disarm and has now renounced every pretence of being willing to do so. This view is undoubtedly held by most Germans, who, on the other hand, find it difficult to understand why Hitler's professions of peace are not always taken seriously abroad. For, they argue, there can never be any peace in Europe if nations insist on distrusting the peace protestations of the leader of another nation, and say, 'Ah yes, he talks peace but he means war'. Again, I am merely

expressing my own opinion when I say that I believe that Hitler is sincere in his profession of peace.

By the end of this month the world will know whether Germany is able to continue to pay the interest on her foreign debts amounting, roughly, to £600 millions at par. The probability is that she will not be able to, and will ask for transfer moratorium on the ground that she has no more gold with which to transfer interest payments abroad; and it is difficult to see how foreign creditors of Germany are going to dispute this argument when they meet Dr. Schacht, the President of

the Reichsbank, and his colleagues, on April 27, to discuss the position of Germany's long and medium term debts plan by which British investors have roughly £40 millions at stake, with annual interest about £3,600,000. Dr. Schacht will point out that Germany's stock of gold has dwindled persistently in recent years, and that today she has only £11 millions, which represents the coverage of only 6.8 per cent. on her bankers. He will also argue that the rates of interest are too high, and will suggest that Germany will postpone interest of transfers, and pay in script, that is to say, with money owing to foreigners which is tied up in Germany. This money could be used to purchase German goods. German banking circles are inclined to believe that Dr. Schacht will be



From 'Das Deutsche Lichtbild' 1933-34 (Batsford). Photograph: Robert Röhr

able to persuade the foreign banks to agree to a temporary suspension of the interest payment on their loans, and they are confident that the stability of the German Mark will not be affected by what some people may incorrectly regard as tantamount to a declaration of Germany's bankruptcy.

Despite the many problems, especially the economic and financial ones, which confront the Hitler Government during the second year of its rule, it would be unwise to think that it will not overcome them. There are energetic, ruthless and comparatively youthful men ruling Germany now, under the leadership of a man who celebrates his forty-fifth birthday tomorrow, and who are determined that, come what may, their country shall not go under. And, after 11 years' residence in Berlin, as a British journalist who has seen German history in the making, I am, at any rate, certain that they will tackle, with enthusiasm and the will to win, the task which Hitler himself said, in a recent interview, was to make a more important, a better and a happier Germany.

*The Treaty of Versailles and After—III**Treaty Terms*

By Professor ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE

WHY has the Peace Settlement, on which so much time and thought was spent by so many gifted people, turned out badly in many ways? That, I suppose, is the practical question which we want our survey to answer; because an answer to that question is the necessary first step towards correcting our mistakes of fifteen years ago and preventing them, if we can, from doing further damage. One reason for the partial failure of the Peace Settlement to produce a satisfactory peace is that the peace terms were not worked out in a give-and-take between the two sides which both had to accept them, and both had to co-operate in carrying them out, if they were to be successful. The terms were dictated by one party and imposed on the other. And this method of procedure meant not only that the defeated countries felt sore and resentful at having the peace treaties thrust upon them ready-made; it also meant that a number of important considerations, on which the future workability of the treaties would partly depend, were left out of account because they were not in the minds of the victors, who drafted the terms, but were only in the minds of the defeated peoples, who at this stage were allowed no say.

This particular cause of the partial unsatisfactoriness of the Peace Settlement of 1919 was special to this occasion; for the settlement of the peace terms by the victors alone, in separate conclave, was an innovation upon the established diplomatic tradition. This was not how the Peace Settlement after the last great war had been arrived at. At the Congress of Vienna in 1814-15, one of the leading parts was played by Talleyrand, who was the representative of the defeated Power, France. And Talleyrand's share in the making of the Treaty of Vienna had an important influence on both the terms of the treaty and its consequences. In its treatment of France, the Vienna peace settlement was so moderate that the French nation never rose up in revolt against it.

A Matter of Temperament

There are, however, at least three other causes of the unsatisfactoriness of our present Peace Settlement which are not special to this occasion, but which show themselves in the aftermath of all peace settlements, because they come into operation in the very nature of the case. One of these causes is a matter of temperament. A peace settlement is always made by the statesmen who have won the war. The statesmen who come to the top during a war and eventually win it are naturally men who possess the special gifts which waging war requires. These gifts are the powers of quick decision and rapid improvisation on a short view, with a readiness to make perpetual new experiments and to scrap one experiment after another until they stumble upon the key to victory. But these gifts that win a war are not the gifts that are required for making a peace settlement. The peace-maker ought to take long views and to work as though he were building for eternity, with the knowledge that he has only one opportunity, and that it will no longer be open to him to learn by trial and error when once the treaty is signed. But men of this temperament are thrust into the background by war; and when the time comes for making peace, it is seldom they who are in office.

The second general cause of the unsatisfactoriness of peace settlements is the shadow of the past, which keeps the statesmen's minds fixed upon the things that were important before the war and hinders them from opening their eyes to the things that are going to be important after the restoration of peace. A great war always transforms the international landscape. It closes one chapter of international history and opens another. The things that dominated the age leading up to the war, and which became the issues over which the war itself was eventually fought, are swallowed up in the great earthquake, and new things are brought to the surface. By the time of the peace conference, the old things have already vanished and the new things are already there—staring mankind in the face, for those who have eyes to see. But the last people who find it easy to

perceive the change in the landscape are the statesmen who have, imprinted on their minds, the image of the pre-war landscape as they once had to reckon with it before the earthquake swept it away.

The third and last general cause of the unsatisfactoriness of peace settlements is the mixture of motives and conflict of aims in the minds of the victorious statesmen and of the peoples whom they represent. This double-mindedness is the inevitable psychological effect of war when it is fought, not between savages, but between semi-civilised people like ourselves. War is a primitive institution which survives, by force of habit, among people who are climbing, as we are, the lower rungs of the ladder of civilisation. The primitive purpose of war is to strengthen and enrich the victors and to weaken and impoverish the vanquished; and this purpose persists as long as wars are fought, because it is of the essence of war itself. On the other hand, peoples on the way towards civilisation cannot bring themselves to endure and inflict the barbarities of war unless they can believe that they are really fighting for purposes that are more or less ideal and constructive. Accordingly, in wars between semi-civilised peoples, there are always these two separate sets of motives and purposes in the minds of the belligerents. Both sets of purposes are nearly always reflected in the peace terms; and since the two purposes are at bottom irreconcilable, the terms of peace are apt to be inharmonious and self-contradictory.

To sum up, we find that peace settlements are apt to suffer from a mixture of motives, from a backward-looking instead of a forward-looking attitude in the minds of the peace-makers, and from a war-mentality among statesmen who make the peace because they have won the war. And, in our own present Peace Settlement, we have also the special weakness that this settlement was made by the victors alone without the participation of the defeated Powers. In our own case these four causes, operating together, have made the Peace Settlement unsatisfactory in a number of points in varying degrees; and this unsatisfactoriness has been brought to light by the experience of the fourteen years that have now passed since the Versailles Treaty originally came into force. On some points there has been friction. On certain points the friction has been so severe that it has made these parts of the settlement practically unworkable. And in more than one of these cases the unworkability of the Peace Treaties has become so obvious, and so widely recognised, that, on these points, the peace terms have been quietly allowed to lapse, or have even been officially and avowedly abrogated.

The Test of Fourteen Years' Experience

It will be seen that, under the test of fourteen years' experience, the different parts of the Peace Settlement have displayed very different degrees of durability; and this quality of relative durability is perhaps the most important point to notice in making our survey and analysis of what the peace terms were. If we now set ourselves to arrange the chapters of the four European Peace Treaties—and, above all, the Treaty with Germany—in their relative order of durability, proceeding from the least durable chapters towards those that have shown the greatest survival power, we shall divide them into the following groups in the following order: first, Reparations and War Guilt, which are both virtually dead letters already; second, Disarmament; third, Territorial Arrangements both in Europe and overseas; and, finally, the League of Nations.

The story of Reparations and War Guilt illustrates most of the points that we have so far dwelt upon. Traditionally, the victors in a war take spoils from their defeated enemies in order to recover their own expenses and, if possible, to make a profit. But 'to make war pay' was obviously out of the question in the last war, where the outlay was out of all proportion to any conceivable takings; and the idea of trying to derive profit from so great a barbarity and calamity was also revolting to the conscience of the belligerent peoples. This feeling was repeated in President Wilson's 'Fourteen Points', in which there was no

mention of indemnities or even of reparations as such, but only a demand that the occupied territories of Belgium and France should be 'restored' as well as 'freed' and 'evacuated'. In a memorandum which was accepted by both President Wilson and the German Government, the European Allied Governments interpreted the President's word 'restored' as meaning that 'compensation will be made by Germany for all damage done to the civilian population of the Allies and their property by the aggression of Germany by land, by sea, and from the air'.

Reparations in Theory and Practice

The 'Fourteen Points', thus interpreted, were the basis on which it was agreed, in the Armistice negotiations, that the peace should be made; and it was duly laid down in Article 232 of the Versailles Treaty that Germany 'will make compensation for all damage done to the civilian population of the Allied and Associated Powers and to their property' during the period of the belligerency of each Power. Unfortunately, the Allied statesmen, having accepted in principle this limitation upon Germany's liability to pay, used all their ingenuity to stretch the new formula of receiving reparations into something as near as could be to the old tradition of taking spoils. In the first annex to the Reparations Chapter of the Versailles Treaty, in which the categories of compensation claimable from Germany are enumerated, the word 'reparations' is interpreted as covering the cost, to the Allied and Associated Governments, of pensions paid to naval and military victims of the War and to their dependents; the cost of assistance to prisoners of war and their dependents; and allowances made, during the War, to the dependents of persons mobilised for military service. This stretching of the formula to which they were committed, in order to make it cover as wide a field as possible, was the aspect of reparations that chiefly interested the Allied politicians while the Peace Conference was in session. They assumed that the national wealth of Germany was an inexhaustible gold-mine from which they could extract as much metal as their legal advisers could show title for under the Armistice terms.

Meanwhile, some of their financial advisers at the Peace Conference were advising them that, whatever might be the legal merits or the moral demerits of their interpretation of what the term 'reparations' should cover, the practical question which had to be answered was not this at all, but the question of how much wealth could actually be extracted from Germany and transferred to the Allied countries within the existing financial and economic structure of the world. The most far-sighted of these financial experts, like Mr. Maynard Keynes, realised already that the maximum practical figure would almost certainly be less than the minimum figure to which the claim of the Allies upon Germany would be reduced by the strictest and narrowest interpretation of what reparations could fairly be made to mean. During the thirteen years that elapsed between the drafting of the Reparations Chapter of the Versailles Treaty at Paris in 1919 and the virtual liquidation of German Reparations at the Lausanne Conference in 1932, the views already held in 1919 by Mr. Keynes and those who thought like him were proved right, while the outlook of the Allied statesmen who were responsible in 1919 for the Reparations Chapter was proved to be as wide of the mark in the realm of fact as it was doubtful in morality.

The actual history of the reparations problem during these thirteen years has been governed by three factors which the Allied statesmen at and after the Peace Conference obstinately ignored, though, from 1919 to 1932, they had financial experts constantly at their elbow, who saw and understood the facts, and who had the courage and ability to explain them.

Inflation of the Mark Complicates Payment

The first of these factors was the possibility of inflation. The Allied Powers had no sooner appointed a Reparations Commission to make out and present their bill to Germany and to receive the first instalments on account, than the money which Germany was to pay began to evaporate through the depreciation of the German currency. We need not go into the difficult and contentious question of whether this inflation

of the mark was an unintentional and inevitable consequence of the huge demand made upon Germany for reparations, or whether it was a wilful and deliberate manoeuvre on the German side to elude payment. The essential fact is that the mark went, or was sent, to zero, with the result that any payment of reparations became impossible except in kind, and the Allied Governments found themselves powerless to prevent this inflation from taking place. This was the first chapter in the history of reparations; and it ended in a far-going suspension of the Reparations Chapter of the Versailles Treaty, to make way for the more practical Dawes Plan, in 1924. The authors of the Dawes Plan saw, and persuaded the Allied Governments to recognise, that, even when the German currency had been restored and stabilised, it was one thing to collect money on reparations account in Germany in marks, and quite another thing to change these marks in Germany into francs in France or into pounds in Great Britain. This problem of transfer remained, even when the danger of inflation had been guarded against.

But the purely monetary problem was neither the last nor the most fundamental; for, at any given moment, it is only a fraction of the total wealth of any given country, or of the world as a whole, that can be realised in the form of money; and accordingly any large transfer of wealth has to be made for the most part not in money but in goods. When the questions of inflation and exchange had been disposed of, there remained the fundamental difficulty of the upset caused to international trade by the artificial, non-economic movement of goods on the scale of reparations, even after the amount of reparations had been vastly scaled down from the Reparation Commission's first figure. The exact degree to which the disturbing effect of successfully accomplished reparations transfers of money and goods has been responsible for the present World Economic crisis is a question which will long be bitterly contested, and which may well be unanswerable. But the terrific onset and obstinate persistence of the crisis, and the widespread belief that reparations have been at least partly responsible for it, have been enough to give reparations the *coup de grace*.

War Guilt

Reparations are linked up with War Guilt in Article 231 of the Versailles Treaty, which is the first article of the Reparations Chapter. In this article, 'the Allied and Associated Governments affirm and Germany accepts the responsibility of Germany and her allies for causing all the loss and damage to which the Allied and Associated Governments and their nationals have been subjected as a consequence of the War imposed upon them by the aggression of Germany and her allies'. Moreover, in the immediately preceding chapter, which is entitled 'Penalties', the Allied Governments announce their intention of putting the ex-Kaiser on trial and of asking the Government of the Netherlands, where he had taken asylum, to extradite him for this purpose. This Article 227 of the Versailles Treaty was the first part of the Treaty to come to grief. The Allied Governments duly presented their demand to the Government of the Netherlands on January 15, 1920, five days after the Treaty had come into force; but by that time they were already devoutly hoping that the Dutch Government would not embarrass them by granting their request, and they were thankful to let the correspondence drop after the Dutch Government had refused for the second time on March 2, 1920.

This provision in the Treaty for meeting the vulgar demand 'to hang the Kaiser' thus immediately became a farce; but the article saddling Germany with exclusive war guilt, and making this alleged exclusive German war guilt into the formal justification for the exaction of reparations, is a provision of the Versailles Treaty which has unfortunately had more serious effects. The fact that the German delegation were compelled to subscribe to this article among the rest has probably caused more bitterness in Germany than any other single feature of the Peace Settlement. And this bitterness has undoubtedly played an appreciable part in arousing in Germany the temper which has now brought the National Socialist Movement into power.

Queen Elizabeth's Subjects—III

The Earl of Essex

By A. L. ROWSE

IF the life of Sir Philip Sidney was the romance of the Elizabethan age, and Burghley's its solid history, that of Essex was its tragedy. All the elements of great tragedy were there. Given the characters of the two protagonists, Elizabeth and Essex, the one subtle, elusive, a politician to her finger-tips, yet whose nature and position led her to combine pleasure and politics dangerously together; the other gifted, headstrong, the darling of fortune, with no real political judgment endeavouring to press a woman far his superior intellectually into an impossible position, while she gave way to the fascination of his personality and spoiled him; each of them trying to use the other for purposes that were confused, partly to serve the country, partly for their own pleasure and self-will: given such a situation, what could be expected but failure, a disaster of some sort? But the disaster of their relations was more than a personal tragedy. One of them was a queen, the other a young nobleman who had been raised by her favour to a brilliant position next the throne. And they were not alone; they lived in the environment of a Court, full of ambitious men, some of them Essex's rivals in the Queen's favour, anxious to climb to power at each other's expense, willing to do any mutual service or disservice to gain their ends—a Court divided into factions always ready to exacerbate and to exploit the dissensions and quarrels of its leading figures. So that what was already a personal tragedy became a political tragedy of the first order.

The truth about Essex was that, in spite of his brilliant accomplishments and gifts, precisely those which made him such a fascinating figure at Court, he was not really fitted for Court life. His nature was too simple, too passionate, too truthful. He was made after an heroic, or rather a romantic mould; he was a Don Quixote, not a Machiavelli—or even a Robert Cecil. Camden says of him:

And indeed he seemed not a man made for the Court, being not easily induced to any unhandsome Action, of a softly and easie Nature to take offense, but harder to remit it, and one that could not conceal himself, but carried his Love and his Hatred always in his Brow, and could not hide it. In a word, No man was more ambitious of Glory by vertuous and noble Deeds, no man more careless of all things else.

But when he first came to Court, everything was in his favour; he was young (only seventeen, to be precise), he was handsome, and he had the memory of his father's misfortunes in the Queen's service to recommend him. Still more important he came under the star of the Earl of Leicester, who had married his widowed mother. It was said that Leicester had brought him to Court to counteract the impression that the young Walter Raleigh was making upon the Queen, ever susceptible to the charm of able and attractive young men. If this is so, it more than succeeded in its object; the young Earl soon came to hold first place in the Queen's affections, while the rivalry between him and Raleigh grew into a mutual hatred

which was a factor that entered into the nemesis that overtook them both. As for the Queen, the pointed pen of Sir Robert Naunton observed that she entertained 'a violent indulgencie (which is incident to old age, where it encounters with a pleasing and suitable object) towards this Lord'; and a correspondent from Court wrote: 'When she is abroad, nobody near her but my L. of Essex; and at night, my Lord is at cards, or one game or another with her, that he cometh not to his own lodging till birds sing in the morning'.

Indeed, in this morning of his youth and fortune, he was irresistible. He had such style. He had his first baptism of fire, and bore himself very gallantly, at Zutphen, where Sir Philip Sidney was killed. During the summer of the Armada, the Queen kept him about her person at Tilbury and forbade him to leave the Court. So that next year, when the great Drake-Norris expedition was preparing to sail for Portugal, he ran away from Court to join it. He took horse in St. James's Park one Thursday evening and arrived at Plymouth on the Saturday morning, at once setting to sea in the *Swiftsure* to avoid the couriers hurrying after him. Arrived off the coast of Portugal, he was the first to land, wading in the surf to the attack on Peniche. Two years later, after constantly petitioning the Queen for some service abroad, he was sent in command of an expedition to help the impecunious Henry of Navarre in the siege of Rouen. Henry, as usual, was elsewhere; and Essex distinguished himself by riding with only a small band a hundred miles through enemy country to Compiègne, where he made a spectacular

entry, preceded by six pages in orange velvet embroidered with gold; and in the jousts and tournaments that followed he 'did overleap them all'. It was all very like the Elizabethan age. When he returned to Rouen, in a purposeless piece of bravado beneath the walls, he lost his brother, 'the half-arch of my house' as he later said of him in a noble passage. That, too, was not unlike the age.

But what sent his name and fame ringing throughout England, and through Europe, was his great exploit of the capture of Cadiz, five years later. In this, the greatest single action in the war with Spain, and the most elegant and complete, the honours were divided, for it was Raleigh who was responsible for the English fleet entering the bay, which was the key to success. But it was Essex who landed the army and led the assault on the town; by morning the citadel had surrendered and Essex's flag was flying over the richest port in the King of Spain's dominions. It was a brilliant victory and created consternation in Spain: the emporium of the trade with America in the hands of the enemy, and the great galleons laden with goods burning in the river. But what created an almost equal impression was the extraordinary chivalry and generosity of the English commander. All the women and children were allowed to depart in safety; particular protection was vouchsafed to nuns: *Tan hidalgo non ha vista entre herejes*, said



The Earl of Essex—engraving from the painting by Nicholas Hilliard
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Cadiz Expedition, from a German plan

British Museum

Philip. It was a greater honour to be celebrated by the divine poet:

Great England's glory and the world's wide wonder,
Whose dreadful name late through all Spain did thunder,
And Hercules two pillars standing near
Did make to quake and fear.
Fair branch of honour, flower of chivalry,
That fillest England with thy triumph's fame,
Joy have thou of thy noble victory!

Essex brought home as his share of the spoil of Spain, after a descent a few days later on the town of Faro, a library of books belonging to the Bishop, who fortunately for himself was out of town that summer day. These he brought home for Thomas Bodley—and now they repose, after all these years, after so extraordinary a venture, upon the quiet shelves of the Bodleian.

After Cadiz he was at the apex of his fortunes: he was a power in the State, he was a popular hero—and there lay the danger. What had brought him in the last few years to a position of greater political importance than his ability warranted was the remarkable service organised for him by the Bacons. These two brothers, Anthony and Francis, were, as all the world knows, exceptionally able; but though they were cousins of the Cecils, Burghley was careful to do nothing for them, after the manner of an affectionate father looking after the interests of his own son, Robert. The Bacons looked then to Essex; Francis became his political adviser, while Anthony established himself at Essex House, organising the vast foreign correspondence which enabled Essex to rival the Cecils in their official intelligence from abroad—Essex House became a sort of rival Foreign Office—and so gave him a powerful position on the Council. The aim of the Bacons, certainly of Francis, was to make for Essex a position of 'domestical greatness' such as his stepfather, Leicester, had enjoyed in the State. The Queen herself would not have objected to this; so far as that extraordinary deep-set mind can be read, she wished to keep going, in the new generation between Cecil and Essex, the combination of noble favourite and dependable civil servant, that had worked so well in the old, with Leicester and Burghley. But the Queen and the Bacons alike were mistaken in their man.

Francis Bacon came to see this in time, and, having seen it, began to draw away from the dangers that he saw impending. But first, he gave Essex warning; he asked him to do, what so few people are capable of doing, least of all Essex, to look at himself as if from outside. 'A man of a nature not to be ruled', he wrote; 'of an estate not grounded to his greatness; of a popular reputation; of a military dependence: I demand whether there can be a more dangerous image than this represented to any monarch living, much more to a lady, and of her Majesty's apprehension?' He went on to outline the course which he should follow, advising him particularly to avoid a military position or aiming at military power; and then, with that clear penetrating intellect of his, summing up the political motives that moved the Queen's mind: 'For her Majesty loveth peace. Next, she loveth not charge. Thirdly, that kind of dependence maketh a suspected greatness'.

It was all in vain; he was indeed 'of a nature not to be ruled'. Worse for him, he was convinced that the Queen could only be ridden by keeping a strong rein; whereas the truth was, she was not to be ridden at all, by anybody. He put pressure on her at every great appointment of State that was made. The Secretaryship was not filled for years because Essex, having pressed for Davison, opposed Robert Cecil, who nevertheless did all the work and in the end gained such experience and proved himself of such ability that his appointment could not be resisted. Then for months and years he agitated for Francis Bacon's appointment as Attorney-General, and, failing that, as Solicitor-General. In the end, it was the Queen who offered the barrier to this ceaseless pressure; it would have made her position intolerable as a ruler if she had allowed herself to be hemmed in by Essex's nominees. She would have been in the hands of one party, a puppet; she was determined as long as she lived to rule herself.

Essex kept on his old courses, wilder and more irresponsible, but as popular with the people as ever. He drew all the young men of action around him, fanning the war-flame when Elizabeth and the Cecils wanted peace for a harassed country, building up a personal party, when the political system could not stand an organised Opposition—the mechanism was not sufficiently differentiated: it was regarded as a challenge to Government and bordering on treason.

The final issue of the war depended on ending the resistance in Ireland one way or another, for it was an unbearable drain on the nation's resources. Essex had manoeuvred himself into a position where it was impossible for any but himself to undertake the task; he had prevented the appointment of Lord Mountjoy as Deputy, for if he were to succeed that would rob him of his own military laurels. At length he went as Lord Deputy, with the largest army that had ever been sent into Ireland. The campaign was an unrelieved disaster—more, it ended in ignominy and possibly treason. Having wasted the whole summer in purposeless campaigning in the south of Ireland, he went against Tyrone, the head and fount of the Rebellion, too late and with his forces too weakened to do anything but patch up an agreement. Then realising the hopelessness of his situation, and his utter failure, he left Ireland precipitately with a few followers to throw himself upon Elizabeth's mercy. She did not know whether he had not

come to overawe her with armed force; she was at Nonesuch, in the country, with no guards, when the famous scene was enacted and Essex came all bemired from his journey into her bedroom to find an old woman, her grey hair hanging about her.

In the months following his disgrace—it was the end of his career of public service—the idea of forcing her hand came more and more into his mind, to develop into the so-called Essex Conspiracy and the fatal, futile outbreak into the City on Sunday, February 8, 1601. The wheel had come full circle; there was nothing more but for him to stand his trial, as they all did in those days, with courage and dignity. He was led to execution in the courtyard of the Tower, Sir Walter Raleigh looking on from a window of the White Tower, on February 25. He was just thirty-four.

It was the last crisis of Elizabeth's reign; but when he died something was lost to the Elizabethan age, the spring had gone out of the morning.

Time to Spare!

Desolation in the Rhondda Valley *Miners in Distress*

By JOHN EVANS

PEOPLE often ask us, who are out of work, how we manage. Well, the answer is easy. We manage by doing without. You have probably heard how we have to manage to scrape together a few bones and cabbage leaves and odds and ends, and so on, to make a dinner, but I wonder whether you know the effect a sordid struggle of this kind has upon people's minds, apart from the effect on their bodies. It is not a question of 'the unemployed struggling to make both ends meet', but of men and women struggling to live. Please do think of us not as 'the unemployed', but as individuals like yourselves. We have the same ambition to get on in the world; we have just the same feelings as you have.

Why should this sordid struggle for mere existence take place? My wife and I have often gone out on Saturday nights without a single penny in our pockets. We walk along the streets and see plenty of everything in the shop-windows, so can you blame us for getting bitter? This goes on, not for a short time, but day after day, month after month, and as far as I can see it is going on for the rest of my life. I sometimes feel like throwing a brick through a window.

I myself haven't worked for eight years, and all I get is 23s. 3d. for myself and my wife. My daughter works in a grocery shop. She only earns 7s. a week now. But we couldn't get on without it. We have to pay 11s. rent and half-a-crown for coal, and then there are light and insurance and so on, so that what we have left for food is 12s. 6d. The food we can get for that is pretty poor stuff. It's upon the wives of the unemployed that the real burden falls. It means she has to scrounge round for the cheapest food and for anything in the shape of clothes. If she can buy something a halfpenny cheaper from a shop half-a-mile away she walks to get it. I sometimes think that we waste more on shoe leather than what we save. What our women don't know about jumble sales is not worth knowing. And I cannot imagine a more distressing sight than the average jumble sale in these parts.

I am very fond of fruit, and we ought to have more of it for our health; but fruit is rather out of the reach of men and women on the dole. Do you remember the little boy who was also fond of fruit, and who went into the fruit shop to ask the price of black grapes? 'Five shillings a pound', answered the shopman. 'Oh well', said the little boy, 'give us a happorth of carrots, I must have something'. That, I think, sums up the situation very well. The women skimp and scheme to make our halfpennies try and go as far as some people's five bob.

Much of the clothes I have on has been given to me. Would you always like to have to wear other people's cast-offs? Of course you wouldn't. Neither do I: I hate it. It's a terrible worry to replace things which wear out—in fact it's impossible. Not only clothes; but pots and pans wear out: most of us have only got one now, and they get pretty thin. Sheets and

blankets wear to shreds. It's not so bad when one's first out of work, but it's when things wear out or break that it gets bad. We often run out of food before the day I draw my money, so you see there's nothing left at all for repairs. But it's clothes that's worst of all. You who have lots of clothes don't realise that some of us have to borrow each other's boots and coats before we can go out: even underclothes—there's often only one set in a family, which has to be shared.

It's a terrible thing if anyone falls ill. I pay tuppence a week for a doctor in case my wife falls ill. I can't afford it for myself so I just take a chance. Dentists, of course, we don't have, and one can't have a tooth filled. If it hurts too much the parish doctor will pull the tooth out for you. My story is nothing compared to some of my friends' who have large families. For instance, a woman who lives near me has a family of five children to keep, and by the time she's paid her rent and insurance and so on she only has 18s. a week to feed the whole family of seven on. If you work this out it only comes to 4½d. each a day, and nearly half of this has to go in bread alone.

If there is one thing that makes us bitter here in the Rhondda it's the question of coal. I've told you I have to pay half-a-crown a week for coal, though there's plenty lying around. When we're in work at the mine we get supplies at a small fixed rate. Why can't we when we are unemployed and need it more? We who have worked all our lives in the mines feel that we have a kind of right to it. In these parts there are places where the coal seam comes to the surface on the sides of the hills—they are called outcrops—we could get coal there. But the companies won't allow it: they even use explosives to make it more difficult for us to get at the coal, though it isn't profitable enough for them to use it. Every colliery has its slag tip, where they tip out all the stuff they can't get rid of, and among it are bits of coal. We are sometimes allowed to pick this over at certain times, after the contractors have been over it. At these times the place crawls with men trying to find bits of coal, like ants on an ant heap. It's a hell of a job, especially on a cold day, and of course one can never find enough. That's why many of us go out at night and try to steal it. But they have policemen on guard, and if one's caught it means fifteen shillings. Why *can't* we get our coal at reasonable prices? It's only the infernal selfishness of those who own it. Another thing—why are our rents so high? When I draw my money nearly half of it goes at once in rent. But it's the coal question that really makes us bitter.

There are one or two things that I am really glad about. The first is that I live in the Rhondda. There's real kindness and comradeship here and that *just* about makes life worth living. The spirit here in this valley helps to soften many of the hardships of unemployment, although we can't always help each other much with the material things of life. The second thing I am glad about is that I haven't a son. It must be a heart-

breaking business to watch your boy grow into manhood and then see him deteriorate because there is no work for him to do. And yet there are scores of young men in the valley who have never worked since the age of sixteen. You see at sixteen they become insurable and employers sack them rather than face the extra expense. So we have young men who have never had a day's work since. They have nothing to hope for but aimless drift. I'm glad no son of mine is in that position!

As I've said, I've been out of work now for eight years, and I've only managed to get eleven days' work in all that time. I'm forty-seven years old, with no hope of work in the future. Work used to shape the whole of my life and now I've got to face the fact that this won't be so any more. Somehow or other I've got to live my life independent of the industrial machine. It takes a lot of doing because for years we've been told over and over again that work was the one really necessary virtue.

I've tried to make use of my 'time to spare' by reading and so on, but don't for a moment look on unemployment as a heaven-sent opportunity for ramming education down the throat of many who may not want it. There are other things

which they may need more desperately. I know how difficult it is to be keen on one's education when one's mind is constantly worried and preoccupied by the facts of food and mere existence. The question that's in my mind is whether people in comfortable circumstances are really concerned with the troubles and trials of us who are out of work. Have *you* done anything towards the solving of the unemployment problem? What are you going to do about it? Do you think that because some of you have sent us clothes you don't need, the problem no longer exists? I wonder what is going to happen! There's a quotation which I often think of, 'Poverty is that state in which a man is perpetually anxious for the future of himself and his dependents, unable to pursue life upon the standard to which he was brought up, tempted both to subservience and to sour revolt and tending inexorably toward despair'.

That expresses much better than I can what unemployment makes me feel. One moment I feel I could almost lick a man's boots for a favour: another time I feel I could bash him in the face.

How Can You Help?

By GEORGE M. L. DAVIES

Mr. Davies is Member of Parliament for the Universities of Wales

YOU have listened to a Welsh miner from the Rhondda Valley. I wish I could convey to you something of his background. Think of a long winding glen in the hills, once as beautiful as the Valley of the Wye. But for better or for worse, they struck the coal seams here, made fortunes but marred man and nature in one merciless ravage. Today, for miles, you see the soft contours of the valley, gashed and scarred by streaks of ugly, drab houses, built anyhow, anywhere, to serve the purposes of gloomy collieries. The rubbish tips sprawl everywhere, polluting the air with dirt and the stream with inky filth. Externally so far as money-making was the motive, the Rhondda today is an anarchy of ugliness.

And now that money-making no longer attracts labour or capital, the Rhondda is down and out in all but its manhood. What of the men? You think of them just as miners with black faces and big strikes. Can you realise that the older generation were mainly immigrants from quiet rural areas and country crafts—shepherds from the hills, quarrymen from North Wales, farm labourers from Somerset or Devon? Now the tide has gone down and left them high and dry. There they are, day by day and week by week and year by year, about the streets. They look moodily at the empty derelict shops and a bit bitterly at the full ones. What can they do about it? Will you tell them to grin and bear it? When Belgium was suffering you called on these men to fight for the weak and the oppressed. And the Rhondda enlistments were the highest in the country. Do you wonder if they feel like fighting the callousness of Mammon as they fought the callousness of Mars? They simply feel in the wretchedness and waste of their lives that the whole thing is *wrong* from top to bottom. They simply can't bear it, and they are ready to fight for anything rather than this. But if, as you say, they must bear it rather than fight it out in a futile way, do you wonder that at least they want to talk it out with anyone, like yourselves, who will listen? If they knew that you, too, were thinking and feeling and caring it would make such a difference. You see, they picture you as seen in the picture papers, with pleasant frocks and food and fun in life, while their tired mothers and wives can have no holiday and their children no picnics on the coast. What *can* they do then? You will have heard that they are already in so many places doing what little they can for themselves and for one another—mending each other's boots and chairs and cultivating their allotment patch on the hillside, and in some places making football fields for their boys and paddling pools for their children and nursery schools for their babies. A little thing, you say. Perhaps, but a little thing done in a brave and generous spirit is a big thing. These men may be 'on the rocks', but they may be actually laying the foundations of a new society in which men labour and serve simply because their fellows are in need of their service. What can you do if you would not have these men fight it out? Can you leave them alone to think it out and work it out in the wilderness while you

enjoy the riches of Egypt for a season? Don't think it is merely a matter of getting men back to work. It means getting work back to men, not as a drudging slavery for money, but as a reasonable service for human need. You recognise *need* as a sufficient basis for pensions for widowhood and old age or for benefits for childhood and sickness. Is not the need of men, the reservists of industry, wageless through no fault of their own, a sufficient reason for a generous allowance rather than the grudging concession of a niggardly dole? It is as individuals I think of you, not happy at the slow pace of Parliaments. Can you lend a hand to one unemployed man and learn to feel as he feels, and learn to share as he shares? It is what he feels, and what he needs and what he can do with you, that is the beginning of the adventure. You may find that you will learn more than you can teach about the art of living dangerously and generously. And you may get more than you can give—in affection, courage, humour and kindness. It is not merely the fact of the problem we need, but the feelings of it. It is not merely giving but sharing that men need. There may be giving too—for instance there are hundreds of these folk longing for a week's holiday, and there are so many country houses empty and going to rack and ruin. There are groups pining to work voluntarily and to live together on the land, and there are thousands of acres nearby almost uncultivated—if only the owners would let us rent a few of them. Can you help to think that out and work it out and help it out, anywhere?

Spend a week with these unemployed men or women at a holiday camp, and I shall be surprised if you don't catch my impatience and my enthusiasm for their grit and courage and affection. Last of all, the time may be short. The counsel of the Lord and Servant of men was 'Agree with thine adversary quickly while he is on the way with thee'. We have seen the failure of fighting it out, of victory without friendship. Can we not try the adventure of friendship without victory except the conquest of the misery that is in our midst? You would die for your country, why not live for your countrymen and think and act for them? You need not look far for opportunity. In your own town, or village, are men waiting who need your bit, perhaps, to piece together the jig-saw puzzle of their existence, and to think out and work out with you the conditions of a civilised and Christian community. If you are in one of those areas where there really is no unemployment—though there are not many such—and want to get into touch with someone out of work, even if only by letter, write to me, and I will send you names of those to whom contact with someone who really cares would make all the difference. And if you want to learn how men live who are 'on the rocks' but still unservile, still unbeaten, come and see and share a bit of their lives in the Rhondda Valley. The real wealth of the Rhondda, its manhood, its womanhood, its children, is as great as ever. The next step towards bringing this wealth into the commonwealth is surely with you.

The Web of Thought and Action—II

An Engineer's Outlook

A Discussion between Professor H. LEVY and JOHN L. HODGSON

PROFESSOR LEVY: If the theory I put before you last week is correct—that all people who lead a highly concentrated and restricted life are pretty certain to have a fair dose of what I called 'coloured vision'—we ought to see the characteristic attitude of the engineer showing itself in this present discussion. I won't go so far as to say that Mr. Hodgson will want to treat us all as if we were masses of belts and pulleys. That is going too far. He turns out to be more of a human being after all, but what I am really trying to do is to get you to examine critically what he says, to see how far he tends to stress what I would call the *mechanical* factors in a situation, and to underestimate the human factors; or simply take for granted that as he works away at the machinery and clockworks of society, we, the human beings who use and are used by his machines, remain comparatively unchanged.

But don't think of him simply as 'the engineer'. Think of the numberless mass of research workers in problems on heat, light, sound, electricity, metallurgy, chemistry, physics, and even biology. Think of the scientific instrument makers, the mechanics and pattern makers, the welders and the riveters, and their labourers and their labourers' mates; think of the theoreticians and the mathematicians, think of the organisation of the numerous research laboratories, and the problems of administration and direction of research, think of the development laboratories where the first tentative approach to a practical method in production is tried out; picture that vast medley of theory, experiment, practice, and the equipment; and realise that the man we are calling the scientific engineer typifies the last stage of all this complicated process where its product emerges in a socially useful form. In this scheme he stands for all that; whether he himself realises it or not, it is vitally important that we should.

Now, Mr. Hodgson, you're an engineer whose work has made it possible to eliminate considerable industrial wastes. Tell me what you consider to be the function of the engineer?

J. L. H.: I don't think I can do better than quote the Charter of the Institution of Civil Engineers. This Charter states that the function of the engineer is 'to direct the great sources of power in Nature for the use and convenience of Man'.

H. L.: And you think that definition would be generally accepted by engineers?

J. L. H.: Yes, I think so.

H. L.: Then the activities of engineers should create a high level of material prosperity for the whole community, and at the same time should provide men with ample leisure to follow their special bents and to combine to do the things that interest them?

J. L. H.: Certainly; that is what would happen if engineers were allowed to function freely according to the Charter I have quoted.

H. L.: We shall have to see shortly what you mean by *freely* in that connection. Now, in the first place, I should like you to tell me how you engineers set about the design of any new mechanism.

J. L. H.: Well, first we make ourselves thoroughly acquainted with previous work, and then we try to combine existing mechanisms in the new ways, so that they will do the job—never mind how haltingly. That is the first step. Next we improve our first crude mechanism, simplify it, pare off its useless parts, add useful gadgets, frame theories about its action, and generally adapt it to its job. The development of the motor-car illustrates the process.

H. L.: And has this general method of approach proved satisfactory in your attempt to harness the great forces of Nature for the use and convenience of man?

J. L. H.: Yes, so far as the harnessing is concerned. In this we have succeeded to an extent that must be quite beyond the wildest dreams of the early engineers who framed our Charter. We can build ships as big as cities, and drive them smoothly through the water at headlong speed. We can stay the decay of foodstuffs by refrigerating machinery and deliver fresh food out of season to all parts of the earth. We can make the generation of power in almost limitless quantities practically automatic. We can also make many of the industrial processes automatic. We have devised machines which speed up the output per man of such things and processes as shoes, flour, pig-iron, bricks, ploughing and reaping, from fifty to three thousand times. We can transport ourselves into the stratosphere thirteen miles above the earth's surface, and we carry out mining operations eight thousand feet below it. Again, we can convert our almost limitless reserves of power, which are now used with less than one-quarter of the efficiency they might be, into radiations that

can grow food in caves hidden from the sunlight. If necessary, we could grow all England's wheat and fruit supplies in underground chambers excavated under an area less than is covered by this town of London.

H. L.: You claim then that to all intents and purposes the great physical forces of Nature are already under the control of the engineer and his co-workers?

J. L. H.: Yes; earthquakes, tornadoes and the energies locked within the atom seem to be the only great natural forces that elude us still.

H. L.: I see. Now tell me about the second and unfulfilled portion of your task. You talked a moment ago of completing the harnessing of Nature in the service of man. This, I should imagine, is where a new class of difficulties begins, for here you begin to deal directly with human beings and not simply with pieces of machinery.

J. L. H.: Yes, when we engineers look up from our labours which for the first time in man's history have created the possibility of almost limitless plenty throughout the earth, we see around us a society that is organised for scarcity and insecurity. We see coffee and wheat burned, and fish thrown back into the sea, while people go in want for lack of these things. We see a host of useless activities engaged in. Obviously then, our most urgent task is to help to organise the plenty that our work has made possible, and to chase away the artificial scarcity of the present transition age.

H. L.: You feel, as an engineer, that the way in which society employs the results of your labours is so unsatisfactory that engineers themselves must see to it that their labour is not in vain?

J. L. H.: Yes. For this is but the completion of the task set us in our Charter. You see, there are only two parties who are vitally concerned in the completion of this task: those who have created the possibility of plenty and hate to see it wasted, and those who suffer unnecessary privation, hopelessness and helplessness because of the wastage.

H. L.: So, as thoughtful engineers, you look beyond your purely technical work to discover what is wrong with the social machine? And what do you find?

J. L. H.: As an example of what I mean, let us take the opening words of a circular issued by one of our great industrial organisations: 'The only object of engaging in manufacture is to make a money profit'—note, not service, nor use, nor the creation of plenty, but money profit.

H. L.: The connection is not quite clear. How does the making of a money-profit by the manufacturer stultify the activities of the engineer? Surely if one is in business one must make a money-profit in order to survive?

J. L. H.: That's quite true, as all who engage in business know to their cost. But what one has to do when one is caught in a mesh is not necessarily what one would do if one's judgments and activities were entirely free. Consider the actions forced upon the manufacturer. Continually faced as he is by this necessity for making a money-profit, he has to 'take the cream off the market' by selling expensive goods at high profit for as long as the market will stand it. He frequently has to produce goods that last only a fraction of the time they might do, so that he can make profit by their replacement. He is forced to sell unwanted goods in unwilling markets. Caught in the money-profit mesh, he sells in any market that will take his goods. He even sells manufacturing plants to foreign countries that will destroy his markets and his methods, and munitions of war that will destroy his countrymen. He has to strive to reduce wage costs, while at the same time he has to call for every device which will enable him to produce more cheaply.

H. L.: Your charge, then, is that when Science is used for making a money-profit, there is no question of public good directly involved. There is clearly a waste of human effort and material. I wonder what is the magnitude of such losses to the community.

J. L. H.: My own estimate, given in my book, *The Great God Waste**, is that they cause industrial communities, which are based upon the achievements of the engineer, to waste uselessly at least nine-tenths of their activities.

H. L.: Yes, I've read your book. If I understand it correctly, your idea is that our economic system is like a Leaky Tank into which engineers, scientists and organisers continually pour the new efficiencies which the money-profit motive calls into being, and that these efficiencies are for the most part wasted because the mass of the people are allowed insufficient purchasing power so that they may be controlled by impoverishment. That seems to me an over-simplification of a difficult problem.

J. L. H.: You may, of course, add complexities to my simpli-

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fication. But the basic fact is that after the engineer has spent his time and energy in eliminating industrial wastes, our imperfectly functioning society as rapidly as possible balances the saving of human effort which he has achieved by the development of new communal wastes. By a communal waste I mean any of the various ways in which those who control the money-system cause industrial communities to deprive themselves of goods and services they might enjoy.

H. L.: I'll ask you to tell me more about the communal wastes later on. But for the moment tell me how you engineers deal with industrial wastes. Give me an example.

J. L. H.: If you visit any large power station you'll find that almost all of them pour out large streams of hot water into nearby rivers or cooling towers. The heat energy contained in these streams of hot water is immense—about three times the electrical output of the stations. So engineers are planning how to use this heat for baths, laundries, dwelling houses, offices, green-houses, and in connection with local industries. They have already succeeded in the case of large industrial plants which have their own power stations. Here the power stations are often designed primarily to supply heat; electricity being a mere by-product. Engineers have thus saved many thousands of tons of coal a year, and so reduced a particular industrial waste. But in this country alone some seven or eight million tons of coal could still be saved by utilising the heat now thrown away in the cooling water of the power stations.

H. L.: Well, why is this not done?

J. L. H.: Mainly because of the money-profit that would be lost. Think also of the distress that the saving of eight million tons of coal a year would cause! Forty pits, twenty thousand colliers, and thirty thousand others dependent upon the collieries out of work! Our existing system has no mechanism for adequately compensating those displaced or even for adding the value of the labour liberated to the current consumption of the country. You will appreciate how the lack of any such mechanism adds to the difficulty of the engineer.

H. L.: Now give me some further examples of what you would call communal wastes.

J. L. H.: Among them are such things as mass unemployment; various obstructive activities of vested interests; our curious habit of digging up gold at great expense and then reburying it as quickly as possible in bank vaults; most advertising activities; most of the activities of middlemen; the destruction of factories, agricultural lands, raw materials and manufactured goods in order to restrict production and maintain prices; at least half of our foreign export of goods, for which—owing to the default of our debtors, and to other causes—we are never repaid in goods; the refusal to accept reparations in kind; most ticket-collecting, taxation and book-keeping activities; most wars; unnecessarily inadequate health, starved education, and so on.

H. L.: Some of these are certainly wasteful in the sense that a more efficient social organisation could be conceived that might dispense with them. But the unpaid-for goods, whether in foreign or in home trade, while a waste to the creditor are a saving to the debtor. I presume you would agree cogent arguments can be put up in support of the activities you have just condemned?

J. L. H.: Most certainly. These activities are part of the existing structure of our society, and men would not engage in them if they thought them useless. But my point is that they are the activities of men caught in the mesh of the money-profit motive, not of men desiring to get the necessary work done with the minimum of effort. There would, of course, be no communal waste in such activities if everybody had sufficient, and if men liked doing these pointless things. But when it is gravely argued that a man should be able to live on food that costs no more than 5s. 2d. a week, that the community cannot

afford the food represented by 3s. to maintain a child for a week—and actually millions of our people have to feed themselves on far less than these amounts—then it is very obvious that there is something seriously at fault with the money-profit-seeking, price-maintaining activities that we all so readily take for granted.

H. L.: Have you evaluated the losses caused by any of the communal wastes?

J. L. H.: Yes, in a number of cases. Take unemployment, for instance. If we include with the unemployed men, the women who would like to work and who are not allowed to, and the thirty thousand executive people who are at present without jobs, it can be shown that this one waste reduces the material wealth we might enjoy by at least one thousand million pounds a year. This sum is approximately one-fifth of our total national productivity, and it would about pay all our taxes. Just think of it! If we stood our unwilling unemployed shoulder to shoulder along the sea front in order to look at



Communal waste—mountains of coffee in Brazil being mixed with tar for use as fuel

them, we should find that they formed an unbroken parapet around our two thousand miles of coast line. Then again, take gold-getting. Here is an activity that impoverishes us by some fifty million pounds a year, since to achieve satisfactory production and consumption within a country, the gold that we bury in our bank vaults is quite unnecessary. All that seems essential in a richly endowed and highly skilled community like our own is to assess the amount of production needed to give everyone sufficient; to organise so as to produce it, and then to issue tickets or credits to consumers which are cancelled on consumption. Any necessary exchange of home-produced goods for foreign ones is easily arranged for under such a system.

H. L.: I see. You regard it as a mere question of organisation. I wish I could see it as simply as that.

J. L. H.: The matter is simple if one's objective is merely to organise for adequate production and consumption. The money system I have just outlined contains all the elements necessary to ensure adequate production and controlled consumption within a community living partly by foreign trade. It can, of course, be elaborated and adapted to any extent desired, just as the first horseless carriage was elaborated and adapted as the motor-car developed. But our existing money system has other objectives than the maintenance of adequate consumption. Among these is the concentration of credit power.

H. L.: So you think the trouble resides with those who control the money system? What do you mean by 'credit power'?

J. L. H.: I mean the power which enables monied men to decide the terms on which other men who are without adequate monetary resources shall do and use things. As far back as 1790 a great financier wrote, 'Permit me to issue and control the money of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws'. At present about ten per cent. of the people hold ninety per cent. of the credit power. Under this arrangement a very few people control the rest—including most of us engineers.

H. L.: And this is one of the evils we have to tackle, isn't it?

J. L. H.: Yes, and a very grave one; since the holders of credit power are under no incentive to use this power in socially valuable ways. Actually, as I have said, they struggle among them-

selves to concentrate credit power still further. In so doing they use whole industries and whole nations as their pawns. And the end of this is War, which is the greatest of all communal wastes, since it destroys millions of lives as well as human opportunity.

H. L.: I gather that you consider the elimination of the communal wastes is a problem which the engineer himself must face, and that if this elimination could be carried through effectively we might all be ten times richer than we are at present without depriving the well-to-do of any of the material things they now enjoy. Your idea is that we should create new wealth in abundance, rather than tax the rich in order to give to the poor, isn't it?

J. L. H.: Yes, considering our immense potentialities for production, that would seem to be the reasonable thing to do. Given the will, the general level of prosperity in this country could certainly be doubled within two years from now—just as production was increased out of all knowledge during the 1914-18 war.

H. L.: So the War created a great impression on you engineers?

J. L. H.: Yes, we saw and helped in the immense expansion of productive power that occurred during the war years. But, being then ignorant of the mechanism of the leaky tank economic system within which we now find we function, we said among ourselves, 'When peace comes there will be material prosperity such as the world has never known'. To us the thing seemed obvious. The splendid factories and plants, the trained people, the improved methods of organisation and of agriculture, all were there. It was the destruction of the war organisation, and the poverty that came in place of the plenty that we clearly saw was possible, that convinced many of us that it was high time we began to study the structure of the system within which we found ourselves compelled to function.

H. L.: Having made your analysis of the structure of society, what type of society do you engineers visualise as possible?

J. L. H.: Obviously one in which there is no poverty, and in which all have economic freedom. In such a society men would strive to make dangerous or disagreeable tasks safe and pleasant, or else to eliminate them altogether. They would, however, retain many of the present mass-production methods, as these effect such great economies in human labour that it would be foolish to abandon them. But to avoid the production of robot-like individuals, they would make work in the mass-production factories and farms a holiday task for the many, instead of a soul-stealing drudgery for the few. All this work need not be hurried. And it could be made thoroughly enjoyable. But, even so, it would not take more than three months per year per person, especially if everybody, old and young, shared in the doing of it. In such a society men wouldn't have to spend five or six days a week and all their best energies—often in ways that are distasteful to them, and which are against their better judgments—in merely acquiring the means to live. They would find themselves left with something more than the dregs of their time and energy to spend in living itself. Quite obviously, they would all be much less specialised than we are. They would have wider training and wider interests. It is the machines that would be specialised. But to define what men should do under a condition of abundance is really beyond the province of the engineer as such. His job is to provide the plenty, and to see that it is duly delivered to those who require it; that is, in the words of his Charter, to direct the great sources of power in Nature for the use and convenience of Man.

PROFESSOR LEVY: Before we turn to an examination of what Mr. Hodgson has told us, I must say a word about the inevitable criticism that he is not a typical engineer, for this raises an important issue. We are all at the same time particular individuals and members of a class. Mr. Hodgson is at once a very special individual, and a member of the class of people who work at engineering. That is not the only class he belongs to. You can take any aspect of him you like, and use it to fit him into a class. He belongs to the black-haired class, the intellectual class, the fact-collecting class, the newspaper-reading class, the propagandist class, and probably like myself to the bourgeois class! Try this on yourself. Set out on a piece of paper your particular characteristics and note how they put you into general classes. Any common noun is used in this way, book, pencil, paper, table. Take Mr. Hodgson again. He does certain work and we call him an engineer. There is no one who is *only* an engineer, and we know that Mr. Hodgson is a great deal more. If he is an engineer at all he is typical as far as we are concerned. He is useful to us because he is a good deal more. For we should thus be able to see whether his coloured vision as an engineer likewise tinges his view of other things . . . for example social problems; and if it does we shall have to ask ourselves the question—Can the engineer's method be applied to such problems? Now please note that, although I am dealing here with a particular person, I am anxious that you should see its general aspect. Is it applicable to yourself?

Let us look at the engineer's method. You will remember that I asked you to regard the engineer as one who used the results of a whole battery of scientists, to deal with the concrete problem of fashioning things for use. Mr. Hodgson explained that he first combined previous work and existing mechanisms to get

something that will work at all for the job in hand, and then refined it. Notice that the job to be done is stated *in advance*, it is *given*. For this purpose he has a free hand with the materials and the ideas that scientists have discovered. This is clearly what Mr. Hodgson means when he says 'If the engineer were given a *free hand*'; but notice he was not then talking about a straightforward engineering problem, but about a social one, supplying communal needs. Is that problem *given* in the same sense as before? Who gives him it? The manufacturer gives him it in the engineering case. *He* has a purpose, *he* wants a job done and he calls in the engineer, to do it. Who gives the engineer the social problem to solve? and who will apply the solution? Not the manufacturer, as Mr. Hodgson has been telling us over and over again. Then who? No one. He poses it to himself. There has dropped out of the picture an aspect of the problem that makes it more than an engineering one. If the coloured glasses of the engineer are worn in the new situation it is because the engineer does not know they are on his nose or because he considers that glasses good enough for one job must be good enough for another. We shall see. The fact is, it is not essentially an engineer's problem at all, for there are many other things given in this problem that are completely ignored: You will see the clue to them in a moment. Mr. Hodgson said that in effect all the physical forces of the universe were already under the control of the engineer, but that did not exhaust all the natural forces. Is the resistance of Man to particular changes a force to reckon with? Do the powers of the press, the pulpit, the B.B.C., trade unions, the educational system, the legal system, parliament, the state, the very financiers against whom he tilted, represent powerful forces? Surely, and if so have the scientists and engineers 'sized them up'? Do they know the kind of pressure they will exert for or against the changes Mr. Hodgson wants? I am completely at one with him in the desire for a humane order of society, but it must be one based on an intelligent understanding of human laws. We mustn't walk blindly into it as if it were simply an engineering problem. Remember the phrases he used—'If engineers could function freely . . . ' and then again, 'Given the will, the level of prosperity, etc., etc. . . . ' The fact is, as he knows, the will is not given. If one is to ask a sensible question on this matter it must be, 'In what circumstances will the will be aroused?'

A scientist or an engineer when he deals with a problem begins by ridding it of the human element. He handles only the mechanical aspects of the problem. The manufacturer deals with the human side when he has to persuade people to want what he has to sell. I do not say human beings are not mechanical in many ways. They are. But they have also likes and dislikes. Some of them may not like the type of society Mr. Hodgson described, so they may resist it. Their agreement and that of the manufacturers is not *given*. The human laws that are illustrated in their resistance, the ways in which that resistance is organised and exerted, don't raise the same type of problem as those dealt with by engineers or scientists. What would an engineer say if like Balaam's ass his motor-car suddenly trod on his foot and refused to budge? What would a scientist say if his apparatus suddenly remarked 'I refuse to do this experiment'? There is a real problem here associated with human laws that we shall have to examine closely. It's no use side-stepping it all by saying 'Given the will'.

And now, having made my point, let me be fair to him. He doesn't really side-step the issue in practice, because he actually comes here to the microphone in order to stimulate the will. My point is made if I have got you to see that far from all the forces of nature being already under the control of the engineer there must be a whole mass of human and social laws which we must not ignore. Unless we can clearly appreciate their nature every social experiment will be conducted in scientific darkness, and we may try to adapt mechanical laws falsely to a human situation. If we talk of the Economic System as being a 'leaky tank' we must not suppose it can be mechanically mended; it consists of masses of people working out their own social salvation. You can see the same difficulty at every turn. 'If one's objective', says Mr. Hodgson, 'is merely to organise for production and consumption, all we need is to assess production and consumption and to issue tickets', and his money system 'contains all the elements necessary to insure adequate controlled consumption and production'. I am sure Mr. Hodgson knows it is more than a question of organisation, the details of which can all be worked out in a drawing office. If it were as simple as that, why hasn't it all been organised before? If the forces at work have aroused international disorganisation—and they have—a set of blue prints or a ticket system won't get them to change their nature. Let me sum up the moral in conclusion.

We have seen the control that a knowledge of science has made possible in engineering practice. We have seen that this has arisen from a study of and a practice with the mechanical laws of nature. The practice has been social, that is it has drastically altered the conditions in which societies live. We can see that a good deal of this is humanly wasteful, and so we must make an examination of this thing we call society. Certain people who deal with society in practice are politicians, and we must get a member of that class to speak next week.

Current Musical Topics—X

The London Festival: A Criticism

By FRANCIS TOYE

ALIKE in public and private, in speech and writing, I have during the past few weeks said many complimentary things about the enterprise and imagination shown in the planning of programmes by the B.B.C. It was a notable achievement on their part, of which they have every right to be proud, to have sponsored such interesting and important works as Busoni's Piano Concerto and Berg's 'Wozzeck'. So I feel that some criticism of the general plan of the London Music Festival should not be misunderstood, even if it does appear in a paper published under their own auspices. After all, it is of real importance that the opinions of a critic, especially a friendly critic, should not be muzzled by the accident of his employment.

Surely, to begin with, Hindemith's 'Das Unaufhörliche' is a mistake. This work has been produced before, and its reception could not, I think, be described as favourable. The musical personality of Hindemith is in a sense most sympathetic to me. His anti-romanticism and objectivity may be rather exaggerated, but can be explained as being part of his particular time and circumstances. I particularly like what may be called his eighteenth-century attitude towards music as a craft. But these very virtues have led to his undoing, in that they have in recent years led him into the arid fields of that mechanical contrapuntal parry and thrust associated with the 'Back to Bach' movement. In my view at any rate 'Das Unaufhörliche' represents this attitude, and I would willingly have seen it exchanged for a really charming thing, however small in calibre, like 'Die Junge Magd'.

Perhaps it was Herr Walter to whom must be ascribed the responsibility of treating us to such a large dose of Bruckner. There is something well-nigh pathetic in the efforts made by the enthusiasts of Central Europe to make the rest of the world accept Bruckner and Mahler at their valuation. A strangely assorted pair, with little or nothing in common except their fate in the musical world at large! The campaign has been going on ever since I was a boy; as regards Mahler at any rate, with the most powerful of protagonists such as Mengelberg and Casella. But the world seems to remain just as unconvinced now as it was then. To me Bruckner is decidedly the more sympathetic of the two. He did not possess anything like the cleverness of Mahler, but the sincerity and deep piety of the man, the blend of mysticism and child-like naivete in the musician, inspired affection. The trouble is that Bruckner's actual musical ideas as such are so often commonplace and, what is more, commonplace at exceeding great length. It seems incredible, but it is a fact that there are people in Vienna who class him with Brahms, instituting those interesting parallels beloved by musicologists between the essential classicism of the one and the romanticism of the other. To me, at any rate, Bruckner's music always sounds derivative from the organ, an instrument on which he particularly excelled; there is quality in it, but it is a quality which, like that of certain wines, seems unable to bear transport beyond its own frontiers. Many instances of such music will occur to everybody, and many of us, the present writer included, have done our best at one time or another to bring about such transference from a local to an international domain. As a rule it cannot be done, and I suggest that, as regards Bruckner, the time has come when the discretion of the proverb may usefully be reckoned the better part of valour.

As regards the English music in the programme, the proportion seems in the circumstances about right, though I would rather, from the point of view of policy, have seen a little more English music in these general programmes and considerably less in the concerts specifically devoted to English music last January. Surely the ideal we are all aiming at is to see the best English music taking its place, as a matter of course, in the normal repertoire; what we specially want to get away from is its isolation as a kind of dubious speciality.

Still, this point is perhaps in reality rather alien to the matter under discussion. What in my opinion appears to be a definite mistake is the representation of Elgar by the 'Enigma' Variations. They may be in fact his most successful work, but since his death they have been performed in public far more frequently than any other work by him, quite apart from the fact that they were already the most familiar of his major orchestral compositions. In my view an admirable opportunity has been lost to remind the public of the existence of 'Falstaff'. Every admirer of Elgar insists, quite rightly, on the outstanding excellence of this Symphonic Study. Its individuality, its sense of colour and pageantry, its vivid imagination, make it one of the most remarkable if not actually the most remarkable, of Elgar's orchestral achievements. I believe it has been broadcast fairly recently, but I do not recollect having heard a first class performance of it at a public concert for a long time. A festival of this kind, with ample opportunities for careful preparation, with a conductor so sympathetic towards Elgar as Dr. Boult, would have been the ideal occasion for an attempt (possibly a last attempt) to establish, it once more in the repertoire as firmly as the excessively familiar 'Enigma'.

Such a change would have been particularly welcome because the general bias of some of the programmes is decidedly towards works already rooted in popular favour. Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, Tchaikowsky's Piano Concerto, the overtures to 'Meistersinger' and 'Freischütz'! Nothing could well be more familiar, suggesting to me, at any rate, routine, rather than festival, programmes.

My fundamental complaint, however, against the general conception underlying these programmes is its ninety per cent. Teutonism. Neither French nor Italian music is represented at all, while Tchaikowsky's Concerto, however much one may admire it, can scarcely be regarded as in any way representative of the Russian school. I know that my opinions in this matter are suspect, that everybody thinks that an especial tenderness for Italian music warps my judgment. It is quite true that I think the particular qualities of Italian music to be insufficiently appreciated in this country, and I have deliberately set out to emphasise them. The value of cantilena, for instance, the particular talent of the Italians to express emotion, even orchestrally, by means of a single line, appear to me useful correctives in our excessively complex world. But let that pass. There is little Italian orchestral music suitable for inclusion in programmes of this kind. There is, however; some, as Sir Thomas Beecham has conclusively proved. Several of the less familiar early concertos, for instance, deserve more attention than they receive, while one work representative of the Italian moderns, such as Casella or Malipiero, would surely not have been excessive. Rather, in this instance, it is the total abstinence of French music that I deplore. How often do we hear Debussy's 'Iberia' or 'Images'? They are exceedingly difficult to play, and for that reason can rarely be performed in the ordinary concert programmes. Possibly Vincent D'Indy is a little dull, but he is certainly not duller than Bruckner; and we have not heard one of his symphonies or 'Wallenstein' for a very long time. There are works by men like Dukas and Roussel, to mention only two names, which we should like to hear. And why has Honneger vanished entirely from the repertoire during the last year or so? He has written other important works besides 'Le Roi David' which I, at any rate, would far rather have heard than 'Das Unaufhörliche'.

But there, none of these composers possesses the inestimable advantage of having been born in a German-speaking country. Pundits and public alike in this country seem convinced that there is a particular *cachet* about any music, whether it be creative or executive, that hails from Central Europe. *Es ist immer die alte Geschichte, doch bleibt sie immer neu.*

Art

Honoré Daumier

By A. S. WATT

Paris is at present enjoying two exhibitions devoted to the work of Honoré Daumier: one of lithographs at the Bibliothèque Nationale, and one of water-colours and paintings at the Orangerie

THE moment has been well chosen for the Daumier exhibitions in Paris. Conditions are particularly favourable for the study and appreciation of his art, for the times through which France is now passing resemble, in more than one aspect, those in which Daumier himself lived. The fact that he was a great and important historian is proved by the extremely interesting exhibition of some 300 odd lithographs at the Bibliothèque Nationale. For Daumier painted the life, people, atmosphere of his time, as did Balzac in writing. We realise that history is repeating itself, especially in his political caricatures. Have not the recent Paris insurrections a parallel with the disturbances in Lyon (in 1834, exactly a hundred years ago), which Daumier lithographed in that amazing masterpiece 'La Rue Transnonain'? His emotional and sensitive nature, his political and philosophical views, shared by his great contemporaries, and his utter horror and distress at this dreadful incident, inspired him to make of it his finest lithograph and an astounding work of art. Here is no romanticism, play of

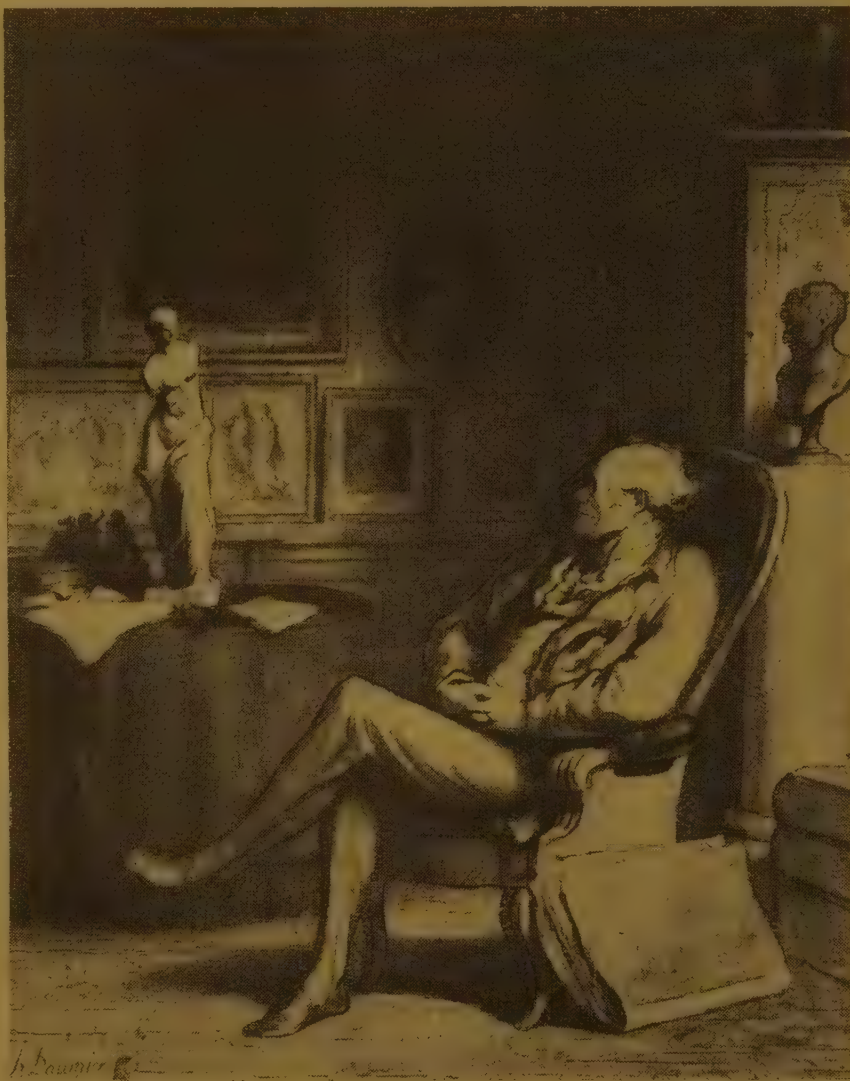
wit or humour. Daumier intended it to hold the attention, to horrify his public, the readers of *La Caricature*, so he illustrated stark reality and cold, sudden death. This famous lithograph represents the best example of how he made paintings of his lithographs by full use of his wonderful handling of volume, contrasts and values, and light and shade. Here the influence of the old masters appears so powerfully that in every sense it becomes worthy of Rembrandt and Michelangelo. It is little wonder this brought him such popularity at the age of 26. Again, Balzac's well-known remark of the Michelangelo in Daumier becomes evident in the political caricature of the virile, muscular, tense figure struggling to uphold the terrific weight of the Budget—indeed a caricature appropriate for our present day! 'Le Ventre Législatif', another of his stingingly satirical political lithographs (curiously enough, also of the year 1834), might also be applied to those figures who lately sat

in administrative power till the Stavisky scandal upset the government. And the animosity and disquietude caused by the upheavals in the Courts of Justice should make us all the more able to appreciate Daumier's famous satirical drawings and paintings of *gens de justice*.

We realise the peremptory attitude that censorship

has nowadays adopted when we consider the indignation that harmless caricatures arouse as compared with those of Daumier's day. With his fine, piercing pen, or broad, injurious brush, he contorts his victims, not only in their faces, but also in their attitude, poise, and figure, into beings in whose 'animated faces may be seen and clearly read all the meanness of soul, all the absurdities, all the aberrations of intelligence, all the vice of the heart', to quote from Baudelaire.

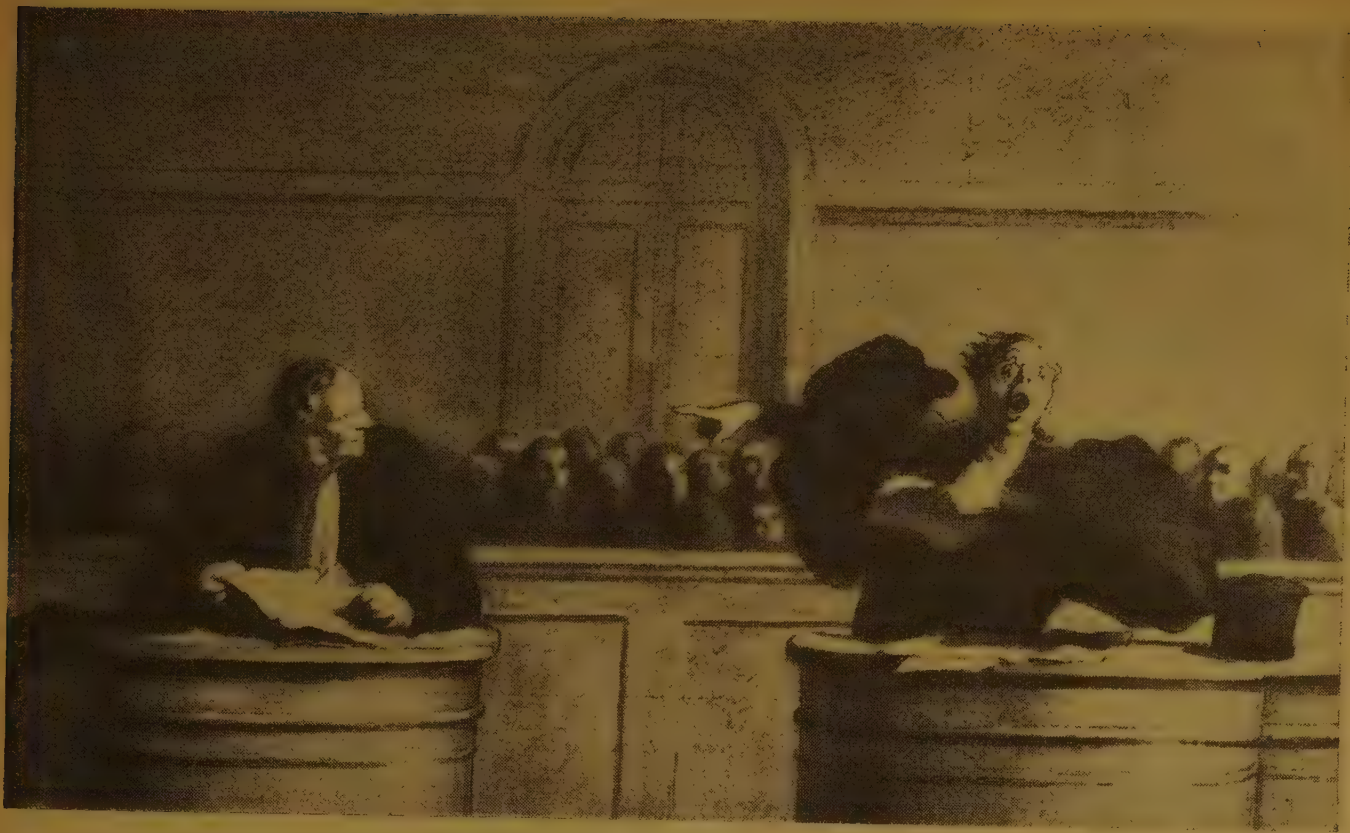
Here, in this most instructive section of the exhibition, is exhibited a fine and rare proof of the famous 'Gargantua'. It is little to be wondered that Daumier was imprisoned in Ste. Pélagie for publishing this outrageous caricature of the somewhat harmless Louis-Philippe in *La Caricature* of December 15, 1831.



Un Amateur
Metropolitan Museum of Arts, New York. Photograph: Bullos

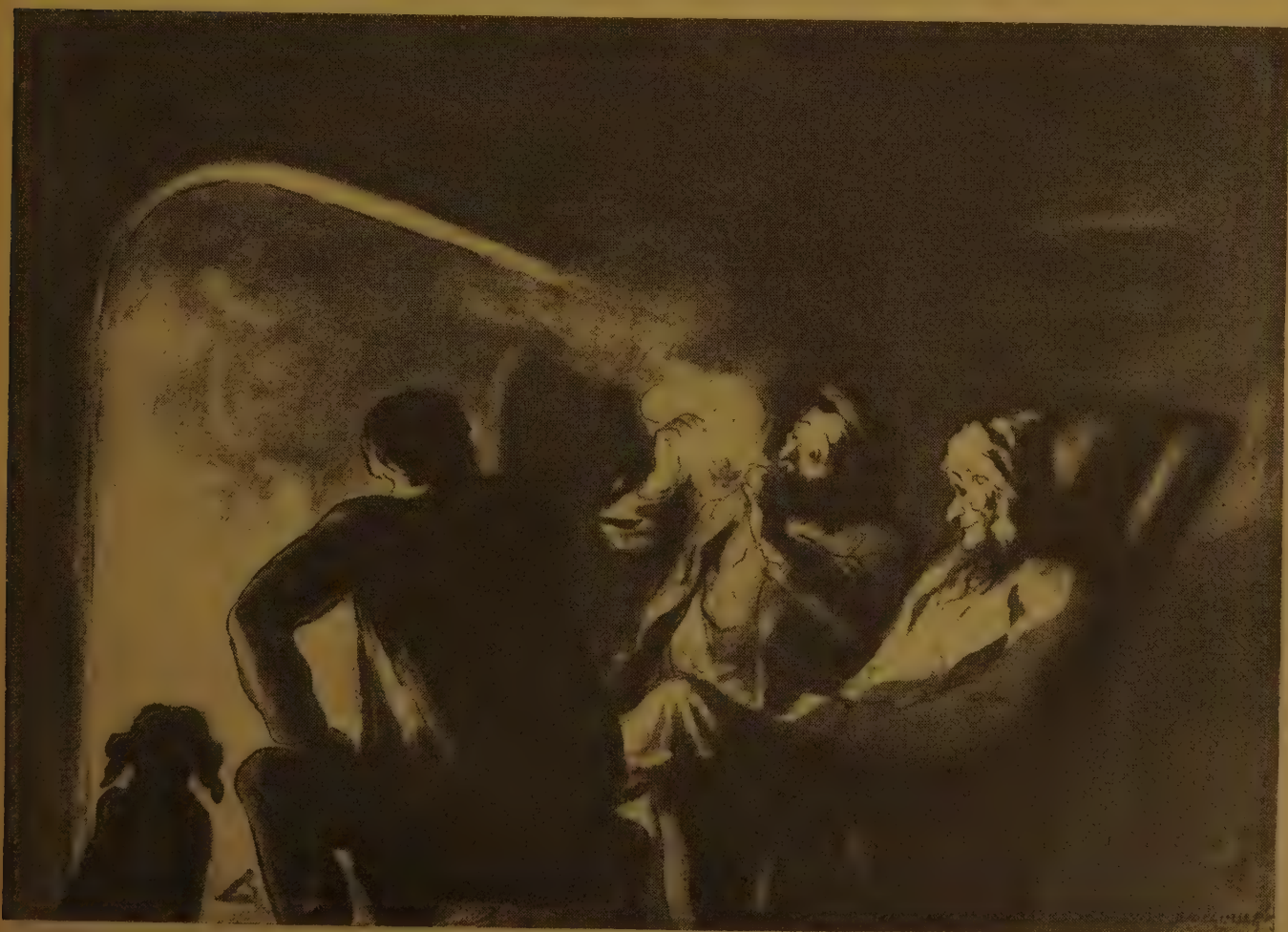
In spite of this reprisal on the part of the officials for Daumier's incessantly scathing attacks in lithograph, Charles Philippon, the editor, was fired to publish a further series of daring and personal attacks on government officials. Eventually, in 1835, after nearly five years' run, the paper was suppressed. The rest of the lithographs constitute the more important work Daumier did for the *Charivari* along with his collaborator, Gavarni.

Before proceeding to the Orangerie museum to see his water-colours and paintings, it would be well to remember another assertion of Baudelaire, his great friend, who declared—'Nul comme celui-là, n'a connu et aimé (à la manière des artistes) le bourgeois, ce dernier vestige du moyen âge, cette ruine gothique qui a la vie si dure. Ce type à la fois si banal et si excentrique, Daumier a vécu intimement avec lui, il l'a épié le jour et la nuit, il a appris les mystères de son alcôve, il s'est lié avec sa femme et



Le Plaidoyer

Collection Mme. Albert Esnault-Pelterie, Paris. Photograph: Bulloz



Chasseurs se chauffant

Collection Mme. Albert Esnault-Pelterie, Paris. Photograph: Bulloz

ses enfants, il sait la forme de son nez et la construction de sa tête, il sait quel esprit fait vivre la maison du haut en bas. Daumier was the psychologist, the acute observer of human nature, as may be seen in his book illustrations, and, especially, his little vignettes. In a series of opuscles (which were so much in fashion at the time) on the Philosophy of the Englishman in Paris, of the Drinker, of the Loafer, of the Honest Woman, of the Poet (to mention the most important), we may see the smallest sketches which, for quality, rival any of his larger important work. Indeed, as Claude Roger-Marx himself writes, '*Grand dans la peinture du petit, l'anecdote chez lui devient aussitôt drame*'. Daumier was not a translator of nature, but a reflector of it. He had an amazing certitude of line. With twenty years of drawing and lithographic work he gained the knowledge of the essential and dramatic in painting. It was manifest that he should be the master of paint as of lithograph. In his magnificent water-colour drawing, '*Le Plaidoyer*', we find such animation and absurdities as Baudelaire speaks of, superb draughtsmanship—surety and simplification of line—with an electric grey-blue wash in the background and over the huddled figures at the back of the court, whose intentness dramatises the scene, and accentuates the agitation of the counsel for the defence. So also in '*Le Malade Imaginaire*' we find the same simplification of line. Here his appreciation of Molière and his experience of the medical profession tell their influence. With what vigour he has sculptured these figures in paint! Rembrandt lives again in the heavy hands and ponderous heads. The macabre doctor's apparel reminds one of Rodin's '*Balzac*', one divines the body here—bony, scraggy, wretched, like his mind. Frank Rutter has claimed that Daumier was only at his best when portraying what he hated or despised; but at the Orangerie may be seen



Le Malade Imaginaire

Collection Mme. Albert Esnault-Pelterie. Photograph: Les Archives Photographiques

drawings and paintings which, in their compassionate sympathy of subject, are as worthy of estimation as his *chefs d'œuvre* of tragi-comedy.

It must clearly be seen that Daumier's genius lay in his mastery over space. In two or three lines he delineated Nature's thousands. And his precocious and fervent study of Greek and Roman sculpture taught him his genius of modelling in paint.

In the case of Daumier it is ironically true what La Fontaine, one of his chief sources of inspiration, said: '*Aucun chemin de fleurs ne conduit à la gloire*'. Feeble, ill, and almost blind, Daumier retired late in life to Valmondois, where his good friend Corot bought him a house. Here he died in poverty, surrounded by his many beloved, brilliant, and equally poor friends.

The Rationalist's Standpoint

(Continued from page 682)

advance of science God inevitably becomes more remote from human affairs. This process has continued until the hypothesis of God has lost most of its old intellectual and practical value.

The rationalist can also make certain prophecies as to the future of religion and point out certain dangers. Religion is a certain type of reaction of the human spirit to human environment. But biologists distinguish between the *external* and the *internal* environment. We are exposed to the changing external environment; but the cells of our bodies exist in the very constant internal environment provided by our blood. With bees, again, the hive and its organised life provide an internal environment of a social type; and, similarly, the organisation of society and the framework of ideas and feelings in which we grow up constitute an internal environment for us human beings. Now the outstanding fact in human development at the present is that while we have a great deal of knowledge and control over our external environment, we have so far very little over our internal environment. Economic, legal, political, and social systems, all obviously man-made, are at the root of the present crisis. It is they which play the part of destiny today. So it is safe to prophesy that in the near future the religious impulse will concern itself more and more with this social environment. Indeed it is already doing so on a large scale. Almost every observer has commented on the religious elements in Russian Communism and the German Nazi movement. The reason these movements quarrel with established religions is that they are in a certain real sense rival religions themselves. We are witnessing the dawn of a struggle, not between science and religion, but between God-religions and social religions.

The rationalist can go further. He can draw a parallel between the early phases of social religion and those of God-religion. In early God-religions we find many crude and unpleasant features—the worship of monstrous combinations of man and beast,

human sacrifice, magical beliefs, persecution, the growth of privileged castes. We also find a gradual improvement—from polytheism towards monotheism, from intolerance towards tolerance and freedom of conscience. It is evident that the early stages of social religion are also embodying many crude and unpleasant features—witness the persecutions in Germany, Italy and Russia, or the falsification of history and anthropology to provide a Nazi theology of Germanism. We may prophesy that gradually these excesses will be purged away, but that this will take a long time.

The rationalist would like to see established a Humanist religion of some kind, tolerant in attitude, world-wide in scope. He must be prepared, however, to see religion for a long time linked with nationalist and race feeling, intolerant, and apt to set up the state as a sort of god above the individual. He must be prepared to fight against these tendencies, as the Hebrew prophets fought for their more enlightened conceptions of God against the lower conception represented by so-called idolatry.

Rationalism in the past has often played a destructive part. This destruction was necessary to clear the ground. In the so-called 'conflict between science and religion' it was inevitable that the rationalist should be on the side of science. But now we can see that this conflict only concerned one aspect of science and one aspect of religion—those which dealt primarily with man's external environment. Now it is the turn of the internal environment. It seems inevitable that this will eventually lead to some form of Humanism, and the rationalist can now play a constructive part by insisting to the best of his powers that the ideal of Humanism shall not be obscurantist or merely mystical, but truly rational, and that the cruder forms of social religion shall not be allowed to develop the same disastrous irrationality as did the great religions of the past.



Women convicts in a Berlin prison

In Trouble—I

Crime and the Criminal

By Lieut.-Colonel SIR VIVIAN HENDERSON

Sir Vivian Henderson, who was Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State, Home Office, from 1927-9, introduces a series of talks dealing with the treatment of people who find themselves 'up against the law'

AT the Lent Assizes in Taunton in 1730, some prisoners infected the Court with gaol fever, so that the Judge, the Sheriff and some hundreds of others besides, died. In October, 1750, the foul steams from the prisoners in the dock at the Old Bailey caused the death of four out of six Judges, two or three of the Counsel, one of the Sheriffs, and several of the Jury. This prevalence of disease in prisons was due to the old and appalling system by which the local and county gaols were farmed out for profit, so that it was seldom necessary to pay the gaoler any salary. He charged for everything, for admission, for a bit of straw or a mattress, for taking off the prisoners' irons, for food, or for a separate cell. If the window tax pressed heavily upon him, then it was all too easy to block out a few windows, even if it caused an increase in the death roll. There was no inspection, for neither the Magistrates nor the Sheriffs accepted responsibility, until John Howard became Sheriff of Bedfordshire in 1773, and startled the County Justices by assuming all the real responsibilities of his Office. It is a far cry from 1773 to 1934, and I have only given you that glimpse into past history because I want you to realise that, when people talk glibly of the good old days, they forget they were not quite so good as they seemed.

Without quoting masses of figures and statistics, I wish to show you whether there is more or less crime today than there used to be, and I want also to try to explain how our present system has developed to meet the problems which face it.

As regards the first question, let me clear away one common fallacy, that the prison figures tell you the state of crime. For various reasons that is only true in a very general way. In recent years the prison population has remained fairly con-

stant, although there have been considerable variations in the numbers convicted of certain types of crime. In 1913, the year before the War, the daily average prison population was about 18,000; in 1920 it was 11,000 and it remained between 11,000 and 12,000 until two years ago, when it rose to 13,000, but it has since fallen below 12,500. Now the whole of this population is not criminal; only a part of it has been found guilty of serious crime. Out of every 100 men committed to prison, about 25 per cent. are sent there by civil process, that is, for failing to pay some sum of money owing ordered to be paid by a Court; about 16 per cent. are sent to prison because they fail to pay fines which are imposed by a Court; whilst about 14 per cent. are on remand, and are subsequently either found innocent or not sentenced to imprisonment; so that you will see that some 55 per cent. of the people committed to prison cannot be described as criminals in the ordinary sense. The number of people sent to prison for failure to pay fines is far less today than it used to be before the Criminal Justice Act was passed in 1914. This was the Act which made it possible to give people time to pay instead of sending them off to prison. I hope the Committee which the Home Secretary has appointed to consider the whole question of imprisonment for debt will make recommendations which will bring about a reduction in the number of debtors who are sent to prison.

Out of the remaining 45 per cent. who might be classed as criminal, only 17 per cent. were sentenced for crime sufficiently serious to warrant a sentence of three months or over. Perhaps I could put it in another way by saying that only about one-third of the people who are found guilty of offences in a year are sentenced to imprisonment, penal servitude or

Borstal detention. The rest are fined, bound over or placed on probation. The use of probation has very much reduced the number of people now sent to prison. This is particularly true of the juvenile offender.

If we are to find out whether there is more or less crime today, we must look not at the prison figures, but at the number of offences. If we take the less serious or what we call the non-indictable offences, the first thing that strikes us is that, although these offences look like crimes, a very large number of them are not actions which involve any sort of moral censure. A great many are cases of people who have failed to get licences or fill up forms. This is perhaps a natural result of the advance of civilisation or the increase of bureaucracy, whichever way you like to look at it. About 43 per cent. of the whole of the crimes are traffic offences, and most of us who have driven a motor-car know what traffic offences are quite well, as most of us at some time or other have probably committed them, although we may not have been found out.

Fewer Social Offences Since the War—

When you come to social offences, you find a tremendous drop has taken place since the War. Drunkenness has decreased to less than a quarter; begging to less than one-sixth; cruelty to children to nearly a quarter of what it used to be. These figures show a most satisfactory improvement in the conditions of life and in our social habits. They are in part due to education, in part to legislation and the large amount of money which is now spent on our social services.

When, however, we turn to the indictable or more serious crimes, we find a somewhat different picture. The best figures we can get are the number of offences known to the Police. It is not much use taking the figures of Court proceedings, because there are offences committed where the offender is never caught. You must also remember that when an offender is sentenced, other offences to which he pleads guilty may be taken into account. The number of indictable offences known to the Police has increased since the War by over 60 per cent. These are very serious figures and we must look at them very carefully. What are the causes of this rise of over 60 per cent.? Well, the rise is partly due to better Police organisation and the fact that statistics and records are much more carefully kept than they used to be. Then again, there has been a change in our social habits which has led to more crimes becoming known to the Police than was the case in the past. I mean, for instance, offences like cruelty to children and sexual offences generally. The protection given by the Courts and the newspapers in cases of blackmail has also led to many more such cases coming to notice. The use of insurance has also led to the reporting of many offences which, in the past, never got beyond the knowledge of the sufferer. Today, if you wish to make a claim on your insurance company about a theft, you have to tell the company that you have informed the Police. Even, however, if we allow for these factors and for the normal increase in population, there remains a real increase in certain indictable offences. Let me try and show you where the increase has taken place.

—But More Offences Against Property

There has been no increase in the number of murders during the last twenty years, and there has been a decline in serious crimes of violence against the person. Judging by what we hear about bandits, you might think that robbery with violence was on the increase, but it is less today than it was in the peaceful days of our fathers. It is when we come to look at the figures of offences against property that we find there is a considerable change. Crimes against property with violence have more than doubled since the War and the figures for house and shop-breaking have increased nearly three times. The only figure of this kind which has not gone up is burglary—that is to say, house-breaking by night. The house-breaker has switched over to operations by daylight, which is largely due to the coming of the motor-car. Crimes against property with violence have increased mostly in the country districts, outside the great towns, especially in the Home Counties. The motor-car has not only enabled the house-breaker to move about more easily; it has enabled people to have bungalows or tea houses which are only occupied at week-ends or in the summer; it has encouraged people who keep one or no servant to be away from home more; all of which things create situations suitable to the house-breaker. The spread of all-in-

insurance has also probably tended to make people less careful than they used to be.

You will realise, however, that these figures do not relate entirely to serious offences. In crimes against property there is no distinction between the escapade of a boy who breaks a window to steal a bottle of sweets and the big jewel theft carried out by an expert on the very latest Edgar Wallace lines. The automatic machine and the slot machine are, of course, an added temptation to anyone wishing to commit a petty theft. It is true, I am sorry to say, that many Chief Constables report that this large increase in thefts is not so much due to the work of professional criminals as to an increase in the number of small offences committed by juveniles. Offences against property without violence have also increased, though not in the same proportion. False pretences likewise continues to be a flourishing profession, and it is likely to go on being so as long as lots of people can be found who can be easily fooled.

Nearly 42 per cent. of the people found guilty of indictable offences were under 21, or, if you take the breakings-in, about 55 per cent. were under 21 and 83 per cent. under 30. Crime amongst women continues to decline. And I should like to say a word here about the so-called 'War generation'. You often hear it said that the experiences of the War caused people to be lawless—that is far from being the case. I looked up the other day the number of convictions against people now between 38 and 45—the people who bore the brunt of the War. I found that there has been a bigger decrease in crime amongst them than in any other age-group.

The increase in juvenile crime is undoubtedly the most serious factor today. I think the two main causes are unemployment and lack of control by parents of their children, especially during the War. So far as possible crime is concerned, the danger of unemployment is in the enforced idleness. Enforced idleness in the young only too often results in bad companions and the development of a misguided spirit of adventure.

Development of the Prison System

Those who have read *Little Dorrit* or seen Gay's 'Beggars' Opera' will realise that until the early nineteenth century our prisons were a black spot in our social history, as they were in the histories of other countries in those times. Most people remember Sir Robert Peel as a Conservative Prime Minister who repealed the Corn Laws. I think, however, it was as a Home Secretary that he has his greatest claim to remembrance. Not only did he found our modern Police Force, from which fact every 'Bobby' derives his nickname, but he passed the great Prison Reform Act of 1823. This measure prohibited profit-making by gaolers of county prisons, to which I referred above as the greatest evil and curse of the old prison system. It required Justices to provide proper sanitation, reformatory treatment and regular inspection. Twelve years later a system of Home Office inspection was introduced; thirty years later a uniform code of prison rules was enforced, and in 1877, when Disraeli was Prime Minister, all the local prisons were taken over by the Home Office.

Of course, people who committed serious offences weren't sent to the local prisons. From the time of Charles II, when New England was being colonised, transportation was the ordinary form of punishment for serious offences which were not punished with death. If you read descriptions of the old hulks in which convicts were kept before transportation, or of the ships in which they were taken out to the American Colonies or to New South Wales, you will probably agree that death was perhaps the more merciful sentence. As the Colonies became closed to convicts and the hulks became intolerable, it became necessary to provide special convict prisons. The first prison of this kind was opened at Millbank in 1821. I believe it was actually projected as far back as 1799. It was built like a fortress, cost half a million, and covered a space of over 16 acres of land. The prison was closed over 40 years ago, and it was pulled down in 1903. The site is now occupied by blocks of flats and by part of the Tate Gallery. Portland and Pentonville were subsequently opened as convict prisons. The convicts at Portland used to work stone for the Admiralty, but the prison has now been reconstructed as a Borstal Institution. Pentonville has become the local prison for the whole of London on the north side of the Thames. Dartmoor was brought into use later on. It was originally used for the

French prisoners during the Napoleonic Wars, and there is still a French prisoners-of-war cemetery there. More recently Maidstone and Chelmsford have become convict prisons.

Dealing with Young Offenders

As before mentioned, the increase in juvenile crime is the most serious problem facing those interested in the reformation and training of the offender. The great humanitarian movement which, in the first half of last century, led to reforms in our factory laws and in our prison system also led to the foundation by voluntary managers of industrial and reformatory schools for juvenile offenders. As is the case with all pioneer movements, their value was not at first appreciated by those in power. In 1854, during the Crimean War, when Lord Palmerston was Home Secretary, the first Reformatory School Act was passed. From that time onwards, the schools have played an increasingly valuable part in the work of training and reforming the juvenile offender, or the child whose home surroundings are so bad that he has to be taken away from them.

Many young offenders, of course, are not sent to Home Office Schools. More and more, I am glad to say, are placed on probation under the Act of 1907. I have pointed out what enormous value this Act has been in keeping people out of prison. If, however, they have been previously convicted or their offence is a serious one, they may be sent to prison and if their sentence is three months or over, these young prisoners are sent to certain selected prisons where they are given special training. For youths between sixteen and twenty-one who commit serious offences, the Borstal sentence is, I am glad to

say, being more and more used by the Courts. The system of two to three years' training in a Borstal Institution began in 1908, in the old prison at Rochester, from which the system takes its name. Today we have one Borstal for girls and six for lads, apart from special wings of the prisons at Wandsworth and Wormwood Scrubs, and there is no doubt that these institutions are doing magnificent work.

In olden days imprisonment was regarded as a retribution and deterrent. Reformation had little to do with it. Today the element of retribution has largely disappeared. The treadmill and the crank have gone, and although deterrence must remain a feature of punishment, as much in the interests of the public as in the individual's interest, reformation and training are playing a larger and larger part in our modern code of prison rules and administration. Much of the work which is done—the work of visiting Justices, of the prison visitors, of some of the prison teachers and some of those who devote their time to after-care—is voluntary, and it is deserving of great praise. The work of the visiting Justices to prisons and of the visiting committees of Borstal Institutions is now co-ordinated by means of two small committees, and by the holding of annual conferences at the Home Office, when problems which arise are discussed with the Prison Commissioners and, if necessary, with the Home Secretary. Our whole penal and reformatory administration today is as fine as that of any country in the world. Great strides have been made during the last twenty-five years, but there is still plenty to do. The problem is continually changing, and as the type of offence and type of offender changes, we must go on trying out new methods in the hope that we may some day find the best form of treatment and training.

Waterfront and Open Sea—III

Seamen Ashore and Afloat

By DAVID W. BONE

HERE is a comfortable old-fashioned hotel in Fleet Street, largely patronised by commercial men. Not too old-fashioned; I am told that it is quite a rendezvous for communal junkets, Masonic banquets, staff dinners—you know the kind of affairs. Sometimes you will see there a small group of men, well-set-up chaps, but looking somewhat out of place. They will be wearing stout blue serges that have the hard look of clothes that are worn for best. There they are. Restless fellows. They do not read the papers much. They may pick up the *Poultry Farmers' Gazette* or the *Drapers' Chronicle* in the smoking room and sit for a minute or two; then, up they get and pace back and forward in the corridors, generally in twos, but always within hail of one another. If you watch your chance when the sharp-featured man who seems to be looking after them—and who sees to it that they do not drink too much—is out of the way for a moment, and ask in a brusque kind of way, 'Well? What about it?' you may see them stiffen up together and present a bold front. They may even reply, chanting in unison, 'No, Sir! No! We didn't hear her whistle until she was r-r-right into us. . . . Right into us, she was, afore we could hear her whistle'. Then you will know that they are sailors . . . up from the docks . . . to defend their ship's doings in some collision case due to be heard at the Law Courts nearby. Up to defend her against these damn lubbers in the other ship who didn't know enough to keep to their own side of the channel. 'R-r-right into us! We didn't have a chanst t' hear her whistle. No, Sir!' Stout champions. It would be absurd to maintain that this form of partisanship is peculiar to sailors; busmen and taxi-drivers would have the same downright views. But then busmen and taxi-drivers would have driving licences, perhaps a livelihood at stake and would, naturally, be at pains to present their view of, say, a street accident in the best colour. So. But the stout lads we saw—downstairs in the bar by this time, being served with washy lager under watchful eyes—were not, themselves, principal actors in the collision somewhere about Gallions Reach that brought them into Court to give evidence in the case of the *S.S. Whatsername* v. the *S.S. Hobo*. They could have no serious worry about the matters of the collision, not the worry the master or the pilot might have, in sleepless consideration of how the Court might view

that last order to put the helm a-port or a-starboard. No. They would already be paid off. With the substantial pay they had earned in some months of seafaring they would have money in their pockets. Certainly they would be under subpoena to attend the hearing of the case, but even that awesome document would have nothing in it about their submitting to the orders of the noseey law-clerk who had them in hand. Who was he to tell them off when they wanted a drop of the real stuff after all these days at sea, and *shush, shush, shushing* at them every time a fellow wanted to speak up fair and natural? But no! You just can't explain their submissive attitude, their meek acceptance of the law-clerk's discipline, on any other assumption than that the ship they had sailed in was in trouble . . . her sea conduct was under criticism . . . and, until the matters of the case were decided they were prepared, like Jack Bunsby, to stand by.

In long-voyage sailing ships this championship was very strong, but it was always the *last* ship that received the wealth of the sailor's affection. She it was in which the food was of splendid quality and the whacks of it generous beyond belief. In her, there was every conceivable device to lessen the labours of her crew; her speed and sea qualities were something to write home about, she was always breaking records, always making smart passages, always the *last* ship, for of course it would not do to boast publicly their present vessel's speed when it was well known that she took a hundred and thirty days coming out, Swansea to Portland, Oregon, and, what about that row the other day over the rotten grub and the leaky fo'c'sle? No. Not until the land hove up ahead and there was prospect of a good pay-off in the right home port did they think of putting a halo about her. And when at length she was safely docked and the men who had brought her in were getting rid of the taste of 'salt horse' in time-honoured manner, let but one of these dockside fellows say 'boo' at her, there would be red riot on the waterfront.

I wonder if that loyalty to the ship is as strong nowadays among seamen. Voyages are so much shorter, crews so much larger, and there are now so many seafarers who come to sea as grown people . . . grown up and shaped on land I mean, and perhaps, on that account, scornful of our old sea customs and traditions. What, I wonder, would the bell hops in my

Transylvania think of the small ship's boy in a Geordie coal brig who returned to his vessel in a state of horror at something he had seen on shore for the first time. 'D'ye ken what they do t'a fella' when he dies on th' land?' he said to a ship crony. 'They dig a hole in th' hard an' shove 'm in in a black box'. I think that grand old seaman, Captain Walter Runciman the elder, mentions this nine-year-old commentator on long-shore customs in his book *The Shellback's Progress*, a splendid book that no one but appreciative sailors seems to know about.

Maybe I am harking back too far for my comparisons when I mention a Geordie brig: I don't suppose a craft of that kind has been seen in forty years. I, myself, have doubtless changed with the years and the readjustments of sea service, and the loud roars from the bell hops when *Transylvania* scores a goal in some inter-ship match is maybe as emphatic an expression of loyalty to the ship as our maudlin vaunts of other days.

When I sailed as an apprentice in a sailing ship there was a sort of rule about our keeping distance from the fo'c'sle and the contaminations thereof. It is good to have rules sometimes, if only for the joy that lies in flouting them. Not that I would stand for loose discipline at sea—far from it—but look at this case. Six or eight boys, all of an age, penned up together in the half-deck of a sailing ship on a long voyage. Where were we to learn the real things about seafaring? Not from the after end where the Captain held his distance from the officers and from us. The officers, the mates, had

their own lone twosome or threesome to endure. Only in the fo'c'sle and in dog-watch talk before the mast could we find something to entertain the all too short hour of our leisure. What matter that we had to pay for it in endless, and useless, little jobs o' work that a jealous chief mate might find for us? It was well worth an occasional work up job, for only in these dog-watch parliaments were we able to know ships and understand men.

It is not so easy now for me to get on these terms with the large and miscellaneous crew that signs with me. Sometimes, on daily rounds of inspection, I am able to indulge my curiosity as to their character and leanings by notice of the kind of pictures they set out or paste up above their bunkheads. Discounting the chromos of Spanish beauties, large of charm, supplied as advertising matter by the Three Brothers Bar or Sloppy Joe's at Havana, the taste of the sailors and firemen runs to news photos of football and boxing heroes, with Len Harvey and Tommy Milligan in appropriate pose. The steward's department is more catholic in its taste and

there is a range from the manicure lady's neat home photographs to the pantryman's Derby winners and an unidentified swain's picture, pasteboard and life size, of Miss Mae West: he probably pinched that from outside some movie palace on Fourteenth Street in New York. Judging by the pictures, the greatest interest seems to be centred in the sirens of the screen. I was just about to say that the old time seaman would consider such matters as unworthy of attention, but he would consider sirens. Yes, decidedly, he would consider sirens, but he would not have them pasted up on the bulkhead. No, no. He would have them tatooed about himself somewhere.

On occasion I run across a hint of the old sea life of sailing days—a print of a ship under sail, or a ditty bag embroidered with nautical emblems, or a sailor's sea bag with fringe and becket right—an unusual piece of luggage on shipboard now, with these synthetic leather suit cases so cheap—or sometimes even a ship model.

Oh, yes. A ship model. That was old Sloan's. He served with me for many years, first as quartermaster and latterly, when he was not as active as once he was, as yeoman of deck stores. In the intervals of his duty of serving out gear for work in progress, and inventing new blastful adjectives for use in his protest to high gods against people who did not return small gear to store, he made a model of the clipper ship the *Loch Ness*, in which he and I had served together. The model was never finished. I doubt if it was ever intended that it should be finished, for it be-

came almost a ritual that it should be brought out of his cubby hole at inspections, and matters of the lead of the rigging and running gear would be referred to me, the while a whole group of brass-bound officers who accompanied me on rounds would be standing stiffly by, doubtless wondering why I should thus humour a notorious old growse. They did not know that when I was a very junior and inexperienced officer in the ship whose model was set up, the old growse was full bos'n in her. That was in the *Loch Ness*—Captain, William Martin. My first voyage as an officer. I did not know very much, and the bos'n knew that. He would saunter up on the lee side of the poop just as daybreak was coming in and find some quite unnecessary job to do. Then, out of earshot of the steersman, he might whisper—'Ye better get them head yards trimmed a bit, young fella my lad, afore th' skipper comes roarin' up t' see what shape 'yer makin'!'

Old Sloan—and he used to ask me about the lead of the gear in the *Loch Ness*.



The tugboat's crew

Photograph: A. W. Kerr



Magnolia tree in Kew Gardens

By courtesy of 'The Times'

Out of Doors

Flowering Shrubs

By Captain R. C. H. JENKINSON

WE all know the old-fashioned borders planted with laurel and holly, and that sickly yellow variegated aucuba, with laburnum, lilac and the flowering currant straggling here and there. Today the variety and quality of trees and shrubs which are available at reasonable prices should make these dull borders a thing of the past.

You must all have seen and enjoyed every spring, during the end of April and early May, the common gean (*Prunus avium*) and its double variety. At the same season the various forms of Japanese cherry come into flower too, and they are so lovely that you have only to know them, to want at any rate some of them in your gardens. Usually they make small trees of 30 ft. or more, and they are either pendulous, spreading or erect growing. Like all other plants, their value is increased if careful consideration is given to their positions, and to the plants with which they are associated, and I offer you a few suggestions. Nothing is lovelier than the large flowered semi-double pink *Sekiyama*, commonly known as *Hisakura*, with the rather horizontally spreading *Miyako*, whose pink buds on long drooping stalks open to pure white flowers, planted in front of it. Set these again in front of some dark conifers and face your group with some shrubs which will give you autumn colour, such as *Enkianthus campanulatus*, *Photinia Villosa*, with white flowers in June, and a scarlet mantle in October, and azaleas, to give you two seasons of beauty, spring and autumn.

Another lovely cherry is the pale yellow variety, called *Ukon*; I have seen this form in full beauty with the scarlet rhododendron, *J. G. Millais*, and that is a piece of artistry

which you should try to copy. Perhaps the best white is one called *Shirotae*, while *Shidare-zakura*, a beautiful weeping tree, has long slender whip-like branches wreathed in pale pink flowers. Diametrically opposite is *Ama-no-gawa*; this variety is as rigidly erect as the Lombardy poplar, a pillar of pink beauty. There are many others, but this is a good selection to start with. I would, however, call your attention to one more, a wild species from Japan, and one of the parents of many of the named hybrids; this is *Prunus Sargentii*, a pale pink single cherry, hardy and quick growing, whose autumn colour of salmon and orange no small tree can rival.

Flowering at the same time or a little before the cherries, come the flowering crabs, *Pyrus floribundus* and its varieties; they make small trees of some 20 ft. and are smothered with flowers, which in the type are like apple blossom, while the varieties *Eleyi*, *Aldenhamensis* and *Lemoinei*, to mention a few of the best, have deep rose or reddish-purple flowers. It may have been the result of the very hot summer that we enjoyed in 1933, but anyhow, last autumn they gave a fine crop of rose-crimson crab apples about the size of a bantam's egg. Another uncommon apple which comes to us from U.S.A. is *Pyrus coronaria*, with rather large semi-double bluish-white flowers in mid-May; they are deliciously scented and in the autumn the foliage fires up beautifully.

The mountain ashes, strange though it may seem, are also included botanically in the *Pyrus* family under the sectional name *Aucuparia*. Of these there have been several most attractive introductions, and I select two of them for special commendation, *Esserteauiana* and *Hupehensis*. The former is the taller, and at maturity will probably reach 35 or 40 ft.; it

has a rather stiff upright habit, and has creamy-white flower heads about May Day; in October, when laden with its sealing-wax red fruits, it is one of the most beautiful trees with which I am acquainted. The latter, *Hupehensis*, probably will not grow quite so tall, and is rather more spreading in habit. It is distinguished by its pure white or pink flushed fruits, a graceful and most attractive little tree.

Every spring the beauty of the various magnolias and their comparative scarceness surprise me afresh. Nowhere are they lovelier than at Kew about the end of April or early May; they have such an indefinable, queenly air of quality about them, and a scent which is so spicy and fresh as never to be overpowering: *Soulangeana*, well known with its white purple-flushed flowers, *Lennei* with huge lilac-pink goblets, and the pure white *Alba superba* are three of the best hybrids, but there are two or three Japanese or Chinese species which, now that they are becoming better known and more easily obtainable, you will all want as soon as you see them. I was lucky enough to see the first flowering in April, 1931, of *Magnolia Sargentiana*: it is of such staggering beauty that no gardener who can accommodate a 40-ft. tree, and who has the patience to wait for it to reach flowering size—say 20 years—can omit it. The flowers are like huge 8- or 10-inch water lilies of rosy-mauve, and gaze downwards to look you straight in the eye. Another beauty is *Magnolia Wilsoni*, whose pure velvety-white petals enclose a bunch of crimson-purple stamens: here again the flowers tend to look down at you. They are borne throughout late May and June. It flowers as a comparatively young plant, growing eventually into a large spreading bush rather similar in habit to the better known *Parviflora*, whose flowers are rather smaller, and are borne at intervals from the end of May to the end of July. There is one more magnolia to which I should like to draw your attention, called *Officinalis* or *Hypoleuca*, a tree of 50 or 60 ft. with huge 15-inch leaves and creamy-white flowers in June. It grows into a glorious stately tree, and is first-class for a wide avenue or as an isolated specimen in a park or on a lawn. Do not plant it, nor indeed any other magnolia, in a very windy place; they all like plenty of leaf mould mixed with their soil, and dislike drought.

With the cherries and magnolias comes the flowering of the lilacs, and of these I am going to tell you about two distinct sets. First, the large flowered garden hybrids, and, second, the species, most of which come from Western China or Korea. The garden hybrids have had their numbers added to of recent years, chiefly owing to the efforts of M. Lemoine of Nancy, France. He has given us some wonderfully massive large-flowered forms, and also a new race of earlier flowering sorts, so that we can have lilacs in flower from mid-April to the end of June. I propose to describe a few of the best, arranged more or less in chronological order. The earlier flowering hybrids, which are known as varieties of *Syringa hyacinthiflora*, are fast vigorous growers, and should be pruned back to prevent their becoming leggy, and to keep their flowers at such a level that their beauty and fragrance may be best enjoyed. Of the varieties available, *Necker*, with single pale pink flowers with a white throat, and *Villars* with single purplish-lilac flowers, are two of the best. These are followed by the well-known garden hybrids than which there are no more beautiful or indispensable shrubs; they are hardy, they have scent, they have a fairly wide range of colours, and they are very free flowering.

Before naming varieties, a word about pruning. As soon as the flowers have fallen and seed heads begin to form, they should be removed so that the strength of the plant may go to the formation of good flower buds for the coming year, rather than to seed. Again, unless planted at the back of a shrubbery, or to show up over a high wall, the flowers, and their scent, are far better appreciated when the plants are kept to about 9 ft. Prune severely immediately after flowering, cutting out all weak inward-growing shoots, and shortening the main shoots to a good bud. Young plants, of course, must not be severely pruned, only weak inside wood being removed. Sometimes one wants to reduce tall straggling trees to a respectable size; then be ruthless, and cut back your trees to 2 ft. from the ground in February.

One other point; too many lilacs have been and are being sent out as grafted plants—a most reprehensible habit which cannot be too severely condemned, for such plants are not so long lived as those on their own roots, and throw up suckers from the base which, unless religiously removed, weaken, and

then overcome the finer variety. They are easily layered, or struck from cuttings, and the species so easily raised from seed that no other means of propagation should be used.

Now for the most difficult task of choosing my favourites: I will leave out the old well-known varieties, only naming *Souvenir de Louis Späeth*, a rich red-purple, as one of the best of all lilacs. Of the many newer ones, I will select five. *Katherine Havermeyer* has large full panicles of enormous blue-lilac double flowers, and this I think is the finest of its colour. *Maréchal Foch* is a single lilac with large rosy-mauve flowers and carmine buds borne in fine pyramidal trusses, and is rather an early form. Next comes *Marie Finon*, with widely branched panicles of the purest white single flowers; the individual flower is not so large as in the two preceding varieties, but it is very free flowering. Now for the best dark lilac, *Masséna*, with very large deep purple-red flowers borne in massive upright spikes which are not too crowded. This magnificent variety was given an award of merit in 1933. Lastly, another first-class single white lilac, *Vestale*. The flowers are borne in large pyramidal clusters, of rather a creamy-white.

The second set of lilacs that I want you to know about is of a different type; the flowers are much smaller, carried so profusely as to smother the plant, in looser, more branching and rather pendant racemes. They come from China, and flower during June, and are then amongst the loveliest of all flowering shrubs. One is called *Tomentella*, with scented, pale lilac-pink flowers, another *Yunnanensis*, with pinkish-white flowers, also very fragrant, while two of the richest coloured ones, *Komarovii* and *Reflexa*, bear arching sprays of deep rose or rose-crimson scentless flowers. These species are all very easily grown, and are extremely useful and charming plants.

Now I want to introduce you to a tree which I seldom see, but which, when it is in full flower at Kew, is one of the loveliest sights that even that great garden can show you. I refer to *Aesculus Indica*, which would appear to be just as hardy and easy to grow as the common horse-chestnut, but flowers late in June or early July. It is then covered with erect panicles of white flowers with red and yellow blotches, and when I say that this is as invaluable, for an avenue or planted as an isolated specimen, as our common horse-chestnut, I pay it high praise indeed, but I do not exaggerate.

Unaware

They keep their nerve on ledges still
And climbing granite wall
Carry no fear
Of lightnings stroke on face of rock
Or depthless falling

Homing at evening tired after sailing
Beyond boats foamwide wake
Eyes unsurprised
See over dunes first sign of rains
And skyline blacken

Yet eyes clearness brings no awareness
And compromised with fate
They'll hear in fear
The clocks strict time tick out their doom
Who had fallen better

DAI BARTON

Variation

On a Theme from Donne

Are you afraid that questioning is finding
your delineation wrong? Do you suppose
I might forecast your too unhurried death,
muscle to bone, and fold by fold
skin creased at neck; in circles under your eyes?

Yet I am aware of little, even night
whose stars can move this moonless wall of black;
even myself I feel from thinking old
and tired as limbs of workers driven to heat,
hating your fear's root, your planned retreat!

EDGAR FOXALL

Mind the Doctor—III

The Personal Past Lives On

By Professor R. J. S. McDOWALL

LAST week I told you about how our racial past lives on, how when we get a thrill of excitement or are angry the reactions which accompany the emotion are the same in man as in the animals. Now I am going to be more personal and to show you not only that many of the circumstances which produce these emotions depend very largely on our own personal past, but also suggest to you that this personal past may colour our whole lives.

In a general sort of way, of course, we all believe this to be true. We say, for example, that So-and-so cannot help being like that: look at the upbringing he had. He was brought up in the lap of luxury and naturally reacts badly to hard times. Or we say look what a hard time he had when he was a boy. No wonder he doesn't know how to enjoy himself. We sometimes say that such considerations affect national character. It is said, for example, that those who are born north of the Tweed have certain characteristics which are the result of an upbringing in a country which is cold and hard. And again our language abounds with sayings which make the same suggestion—'what we never have we never miss'; 'tis better to have loved and lost'; and so on. Now all these sayings have at the back of them the same idea, the idea of memory. The memory may be pleasant or it may be unpleasant, when we think about it.

So far I imagine that I take you all with me; what I have said is commonplace. But modern physiology and psychology go much further and tell us that we are affected by memories which we ourselves have long since forgotten. A great deal of modern psychology, indeed, is based on this fact, and future talks will show you that many of our emotions are based on memories, or rather an association of ideas which we ourselves may not recognise or be conscious of. It is only natural that such a fascinating subject should have been studied by scientific workers other than those who study the mind.

With a view to discovering the physiological basis of such problems a most interesting series of experiments was carried out some years ago by Pavlov in Russia. He made use of the commonplace observation that when a dog is offered food it secretes saliva and its mouth drips. Now Pavlov rang a bell each time the dog was fed and found that eventually the dog would secrete saliva each time the bell was rung although the food was not presented. In a similar way he taught the dog that it did not get food when another sound was made. These reactions can be shown to become automatic or, as we say, reflex.

Pavlov has carried out an enormous number of experiments which show how deeply such reflexes become implanted in the nervous system. We see reactions also in young babies. A baby soon associates the sound of certain voices with the arrival of food; and if it learns that it is liable to get some every time it cries, then it will soon be a very noisy baby. It soon learns, too, that a certain tone of voice is associated with no food. Now these experiments on the secretion of saliva give a very considerable insight into the process of habit formation.

Some of us can ride a bicycle or swim. We may remember quite vaguely how difficult it was to learn. And now it is so easy. Or try to use a knife and fork in the wrong hands, and you soon realise how much you have learnt. And in the case of the knife and fork you quite forget having ever learnt to use them; the movements have become so automatic—or reflex—that you can scarcely help doing them properly.

I think it was the Duke of Wellington who is credited with saying that a habit is something which has been done twelve times. The point I particularly want to emphasise is that once you have got a reflex movement fixed in your nervous system it is really not easy to get it out. You know how dangerous it may be to drive a motor-car of a different make to the one to which you are accustomed, if the brake and the accelerator have changed places. In an emergency when there is not time to think the wrong pedal may be pressed, for our experience has impressed on our nervous systems the necessity for moving the foot in a certain way in certain circumstances.

You can, I am sure, think of many other habits of movement

which have originated as a result of training. But don't your friends tell you that you have acquired habits they don't like, which you don't know exactly how, when or where you acquired? And you know, too, how difficult it is to get rid of such habits. Usually the habit movements are useful, or at least not very harmful; sometimes they are not. We all know how difficult it is to stop scratching some small skin injury, although we know that the scratching keeps it from healing. That is easy to understand, for muscles controllable by the will are concerned, but when the movement causes spasm of muscle which is not under the immediate control of the will it is more difficult. Doctors are commonly up against this difficulty—for example, it is now well proved that in some persons the breathing of the pollens of certain flowers will cause spasm of the bronchial muscles and produces the condition we call asthma. Eventually the patient learns that he will get an attack of asthma when he is in contact with, say, a rose or a carnation. Eventually he gets so accustomed to getting an attack of asthma when he sees these flowers that he gets an attack when he sees an artificial rose which, of course, has no pollen at all. In the same kind of way many a patient expects to get a pain in his stomach whenever he takes a certain article of diet. And, of course, he does.

In my first talk I referred to the association of pain with movement. From what I have now said it is easy to see that if a man has a pain, say, when he moves an injured leg, he is very liable to get a fixed idea that he must get pain when he walks and this does not disappear even when the original injury which caused the pain has healed. It is a memory pain, or, shall we say, a habit pain. But it is a very real pain to the man who has it. Not only is it a real pain, but like all the disagreeable emotions it produces the same effect upon the internal organs. A pain or a fear, however produced, has always the same effect. The breathing and heart rate are increased and even the digestion may be upset.

Now all these facts have some most important application to the mental processes of adult man, for there is scarcely anything which we see or hear or become aware of by any of the senses, which do not have some past associations, pleasant or unpleasant. But the most important fact is that we may have forgotten the past association, especially if the association has been disagreeable. We have all been children; we admit from observation of children that they show very many reactions and associations. Where are ours? For the most part gone, at least gone from our memories. But modern psychology tells us they are not really gone, only buried under the pile of new and more conscious memories which every new day brings.

There is a very interesting game which you can play at a party. It illustrates very well the extent to which our personal past can colour our thoughts. You give (or lend) each person a pencil and two pieces of paper. Then you ask everybody to write down quickly on one piece the first twenty names of things which come into their heads after you mention one word—say, the word 'box', 'potato' or anything you like. You then take in the papers, number them for identification, read them out, and ask the party to write down on the other piece the name of the person who has written each list. The thing that will at once strike you is not only the great diversity of the lists but the remarkable numbers of correct answers that will be recorded. I have known seventeen out of eighteen guessed correctly by a person who had known only seven of the party before. Each of these lists is remarkably personal and gives a sort of word picture of the person who wrote it. But this is what is also odd about it. When you write your list you think there is nothing particular in it. Its personal aspect is not realised by *you*. But it is obvious to most of the others. It is rather a shock to realise that our minds run in such grooves and give themselves away so easily.

Here I am in the realm of psychology—a realm in which I, like you, am a poor stranger. But as you listen to the talks which are to follow, I feel sure you will be fascinated by that land of fantasy and strange delights.

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns. Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a *nom-de-plume*.

Judging Germany by its Books

It seems to me a pity that certain circles are excluding themselves from an apparently chivalrous and fair-minded conversation between the nations. But it appears as though some time must elapse before passions have spent themselves. May I nevertheless try in a few words to define the position in regard to two contributions to THE LISTENER of March 21?

A Mr. Rennie Smith recommends, in conjunction with Professor Banse's book, a second English book entitled *The Military Science of Professor Banse*. Would it not be better if we admitted frankly that in the writings of every nation at every time there were hysterical outpourings, and that it is therefore necessary to discover the real mentality of the nation? Banse's book was banned in Germany a long time ago. We are busying ourselves with creating work and removing all traces of past misrule; only very few people in Germany today concern themselves with the questions raised by Professor Banse. What would people say in England if English feelings were to be judged by individual books, which might, for instance, say that Christ would be an Englishman, supposing He should be reborn; what would people say in England if such a book, banned in your country, should be quoted widely in Germany as an example of the English temper? We Germans have suffered unspeakably in the last fifteen years under the burden of the Versailles Treaty. Our only wish was to re-unite the German peoples that had been split up under past rules; but this wish has been frustrated. I believe that everyone in Germany wants to convince other nations of the injustice that has been done to us; but that, as the Chancellor continually repeats, no one at all wishes to make war on our neighbours on that score. It is about time that people in England remembered that there was peace between our two countries for four hundred years, before Englishmen and Germans were driven to fight against one another by their allies, and it would be better if we prepared the way for another four hundred years' peace, rather than that there should be circulated in England, as threatening symptoms of the German attitude, books which no one in Germany knows or reads.

In a second article Mr. Gardiner is attacked, and Mr. J. Black throws it up at him that the non-Jewish writers he mentions—who moreover, roughly correspond to the so-called 'Wartburg circle'—are unknown outside Germany, 'because they have inflamed nationalist sentiments, and produced a ferment of hatred in the German people which must inevitably lead to war.'

Is it possible that such words can be printed in a country that otherwise thinks twice before it speaks? I do not believe that a single one of the writers named by Mr. Gardiner has busied himself with politics, but only possibly touches on politics in relation to cultural aspects of his home and people. The men named by Mr. Gardiner have written novels, fairy-stories, legends, ballads, short stories and plays. Their most important works are concerned with the youth movement, the successor of the German romantic period, and preach understanding between nations, above all between the north-European peoples.

Can one leave unanswered Mr. Black's words? Would it not be better if people in England followed the example of France, where modern German literature is now being carefully studied? It often seems as though we must still wait a long time for that neighbourly friendship that we Germans wish to have with England, but I who have striven for 25 years for this understanding have the feeling that it is a great pity that we are losing so much time and are withholding the goodwill and friendship we might offer one another.

Berlin

HANS FRIEDRICH BLUNCK

The French Novel Today

Professor Denis Saurat does rather less than justice, I think, to Mann. And is he serious in preferring M. André Maurois to the author of *The Forsyte Saga*? He writes, too, as though Lawrence and Joyce were the only English novelists worth mentioning. The French novel is not in decay: the English

novel is not putrescent. Will Professor Saurat turn to what may fairly be called the modern fresh air French school (for example, Edouard Peisson and Pierre Humbourg), and give us another of his very stimulating little essays? These novelists are practically unknown in England and Professor Saurat would, I feel sure, earn much gratitude.

Hampton Wick

J. G. L. POULTER

Whither Britain?

I am entirely in agreement with Professor Blackett in his apprehensions concerning the road we are travelling today—apprehensions that cannot but be intensified by Mr. Walter Elliot's references to 'economics being a branch of applied psychology', to 'economic self-discipline', to 'government leaving off and leadership beginning', and to the 'new state'. And I fundamentally disagree with Mr. Walter Elliot when he says we are tackling the questions of today with no violent change of policy.

Barnsley

A. R. ANDREWS

The Rt. Hon. Walter Elliot pities the unemployed poor because they have no work. But the unemployed poor are to be pitied not because they have no work, but because they have no means. If he doubts this, let him compare their condition with that of the unemployed rich. The poor are wretched for many reasons, but the first of these reasons clearly is that they have no money, and consequently are in want. To use his own terms: he pities the unemployed because they may not produce. I pity them because they may not consume.

Glasgow

J. R. B. FERGUSON

Spiritualist Convictions

Following his talk on Spiritualism, here are just five questions that I should like to put to Mr. Ernest W. Oaten.

(1) How can a life in which every thought, impulse, response, action and emotion is related to the temporal, perishable, mutable, exhaustible, fleeting and terminable, be a preparation for one in which none of these conditionings exists?

(2) Did Mr. Oaten ever know a human being whom he could honestly believe to be fitted for a life of, say, 300 years, one who would not in that time either have exploited all his possibilities or become, for all practical purposes, another person, entirely unrecognisable? Have not I, for instance, at 70, a character and personality, only a few unimportant odds and ends and general tendencies of which could be recognised by anyone who knew me only as a little boy of seven?

(3) Has Mr. Oaten ever met with anything more inexplicable than the Zangwills, Houdini and other stage performers, have produced and, if not, why should one invoke 'another world' as an explanation in the one class of cases and not in the other?

(4) If the Zangwills had claimed, and sincerely believed, that their performances were given by the aid of disembodied spirits, would Mr. Oaten have accepted their statement?

(5) If the answer to question (4) is an affirmative one, may I not be just as wrong in assenting to Mr. Oaten's claim as he would be in assenting to the claim supposed in question (4)?

Upper Holloway

ROBERT HARDING

When answering questions on Spiritualism in the first of the series of talks on 'What I Believe', Mr. E. W. Oaten said that the whole of religion turned upon the question of whether there is, or is not, an after-life. This is the same questionable statement which was answered forty years ago or more by Leslie Stephen in his essay, 'Dreams and Realities'. 'This statement', he says, 'brings us into rude conflict with the most notorious facts. The briefest outline of the religious history of mankind shows that creeds which can count more adherents than Christianity, and have flourished through a longer period, have yet omitted all that makes the Christian doctrine of a future state valuable in the eyes of its supporters'. (True Buddhism, for instance.) 'It is a palpable fact', he continues, 'that the creed of the early Jews virtually ignores all distinct reference to a future state'. And he concludes by quoting the

famous sentence from Ecclesiastes, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest'.

Bedford

T. W. SNOW

The Way of Father O'Flynn

Mr. E. W. Hall, in his broadcast talk with Professor Levy, has some hard things to say of parsons and the Church. When I (as an officer) was first placed in a humble position of authority amongst my fellow-men, I reasoned with myself that the best way to rule was God's way—with a lump of sugar in one hand and a thick stick in the other, and all the endless variations of kindness and firmness that lie between. Perhaps Mr. Hall has never heard of Father O'Flynn and his methods, which were borrowed from his Creator. A long life of hard experience in many lands and on many seas has shown me that my original reasoning was right. The 'sugar or stick method' is God's method—and, when one remembers that the main function of all fighting forces and police is to keep a fair field open in which right can reign supreme, surely Mr. Hall is wrong when he states that the Church (when it backs the side it believes to be right) 'belies the principles for which it professes to stand'. As for not paying parsons (which he also advocates), what does he expect them to live on—grass?

Woodlands

THOMAS N. HOWARD (Brigadier General)

Modern Music

Mr. Vargas' reply to my attack on modern music is based on personal opinion; my attack was impersonal inasmuch that I believe it to represent the opinion of at least 95 per cent. of B.B.C. listeners. Furthermore his assumption that my denunciations are the result of want of interest and that I fail to 'understand', thereby developing a grudge, is quite incorrect. At an early age I studied music at the Conservatoire at Brussels; I have heard the principal orchestras and soloists in various capitals of Europe. I have, on the spot, studied the music of Africans, Chinese, Japanese, Malays and found in all of these something to appreciate and like. Even the primitive Dyak of Borneo has had in me an attentive listener when performing his quite tuneful airs. Always I have been able to understand the 'urge' that has been given effect to in such varying manner.

My condemnation was not intended to be general: doubtless a few—very few—modern works are interesting, but we have to draw the line somewhere. My objections, and I feel sure that of most listeners, are founded on an instinct of what we like and do not like and as to what does or does not constitute music. We are told that we do not 'understand'; that our musical tastes can grow or be developed. In the 'seventies Wagner was hissed off the stage in Paris. A recent article in THE LISTENER tells us that the composer of 'Wozzeck' is reminiscent of Mussorgsky. Wagner, though modern for his times, composed music on accepted lines of harmony, rhythm, cadence, etc. Debussy, Ravel and others of that school introduced discord, but being masters knew how to handle these so that the result was pleasing. Today the modernist is trying to outravel Ravel, and the result is entirely devoid of musical value.

Putney

W. R. F. AVERY

Fire-Walking

Fire-walking is also practised in the Philippine Islands, but only in one village—Alfonso, situated in the interior of Cavite province, some 50 miles south of Manila. The inhabitants are Christian Filipinos, of the Tagalog group. The rite is performed annually, in connection with the harvest. Knowledge of it is confined to a handful of men, the chief of them being a very old man, who fears that the practice will die out. Modern youth is rather contemptuous of the old ways.

I saw three of these men perform their rite on the evening of January 30, 1929. On an altar erected under a mango tree were candles, several cooked chickens, rice, native cakes, nipa wine, and some gin. The altar was covered in with canvas and fibre matting, which happened to be available. Kneeling before the altar in this small rude temple were the three peasants. They were chanting constantly, sometimes in unison, sometimes one man alone, with the others joining in the responses, but what they said was difficult to follow as their voices were low. These chants appeared to represent the whole religious heritage of the Tagalog, his primitive religion mingled with Christianity. The men invoked the kings of the North, South, East and West, and of the Heavenly and Nether regions (Lucifer they defied) and

visited the Seven Heavens, guarded by Christian saints and Philippine heroes. At one point in the ceremony there was a dance which was said to represent a journey over the water to the spirit world; a sarong loaded with food and held up at the ends by two girls represented the boat, and around this the men danced accompanied by two guitars and a fiddle. Finally, before the altar, the worshippers passed the burning candles over their lips, first one at a time, then three at a time, and they followed this up by extinguishing the candles inside their mouths. The chanting continued until each man could make a dagger stand upright on its two-pronged hilt on a saucer, but complete communion with the unseen was not established until the dagger, when at last it fell, dropped in the direction of the fire-walker.

Outside, the fire was slowly dying down. Its lay-out reminded me of a long-jump pit. It was a bonfire when I arrived. It had been made of brush, tree stumps, and finally dry bamboo, which, it was said, would cause great heat. At last it was all glowing charcoal, and the men came forth from the little temple. They were carrying candles and walking with slow step, but they quickened their pace as they approached the fire. Still chanting and accompanied by the musicians, they danced first around the edge of the fire, then right through the embers. The old man picked up an ember and put it between his lips as though it were a cigar; a moment later he picked a handful of the smouldering wood and passed it over his hair. The other two men contented themselves with their dancing. This lasted about a quarter of an hour, until the whole fire had been trampled out. Then they returned to their altar and kneeling again gave thanks. I crept inside immediately after them and examined the soles of their feet with the aid of a flashlight (it was dark by this time, as the ceremony had taken several hours). There were no signs of burns or even of ash, just six perfectly normal sprawl-toed native feet. On a former occasion there was a casualty; a young man had his feet burned, all because, so the old man said, he allowed his attention to wander from the fire-walking to his girl-friend who was among the onlookers.

Barry

IFOR B. POWELL

Trials of an Art Critic

With reference to Mr. Eric Newton's highly interesting broadcast, 'The Trials of an Art Critic', may I make just one remark? He says (very truly) that all artistic products bear two imprints or 'hall-marks': (a) that of the race, and (b) that of the country of origin. He also implored one not to find fault with what seems to one amiss with contemporary art, but to try and like it all just because it is—after all—our own, in the sense of bearing the imprint of the century in which we happen to live. This seems to me equivalent to saying that we should welcome bad British art just because it is British, as we are! I don't see that 'my century, right or wrong' is any better than 'my country, ditto'. An art critic should have the imagination to see the work of his own time—and place—from an outside point of view, the cool and impartial judgment to compare it with all other art, and the courage to praise or blame quite independently of fashion.

Bloxham

MARY BARNE

'The public wants to know', says Mr. Newton, 'why Epstein's "Rima" isn't like a real nymph of the forest. Why her hands are too big and her shoulders too square'. We do indeed. And what does Mr. Newton tell us? That it is Mr. Epstein's style. Can it be that he thinks this answers the question? It is merely saying that the sculptor made Rima like that because that is his way. Hardly elucidating. What those of us who are anti-Rima-ites (and most of us are) want to know is why anyone thinks hands and shoulders of that kind beautiful or even tolerable. And no one has ever told us that yet. Perhaps Mr. Newton will have another try.

Leeds

E. V. MOZLEY

The Painter and His Pictures

While I am grateful to your two correspondents for so kindly reading and commenting on my recent article, I doubt whether I can make any useful reply to either; for they raise what are, after all, questions of opinion. My role on this occasion was neither that of critic nor that of advocate so much as that of exponent, my object being simply to indicate to the disinterested prospective spectator what order of picture he might expect to find in the exhibitions and publications dealt with. Matters of taste and technique can be discussed profitably only at length and between a few interested persons. Two small points, however, call for remark. Mr. Townsend gives an excellent account

of a certain method of abstract painting. This method has been very well known hitherto as 'subjective'. The disrepute into which it has fallen may be what has inspired Mr. Townsend and his friends to rename it 'objective', but his definition leaves no doubt about its nature. As tendency, this method is often reasonably deplored because the results are apt to be so disappointing in the hands of anyone less gifted than (say) Mr. Ben Nicholson, for whose work I share with Mr. Townsend a considerable admiration: that has not yet been spoiled (as, it seems, Mr. Carter's has) by an equally considerable admiration for the *Book of Kells*. Mr. Carter wittily asks if he may suggest that the illustrations to my article are 'disordered versions', 'weak echoes ... lacking sincerity', 'plagiarism', and 'exploitation', of what has already been done superlatively well, etc. Mr. Carter may.

St. Margarets-on-Thames

HUGH GORDON PORTEUS

A Correction

The Corinthian capital which is reproduced in the review of Miss Joan Evans' *Nature in Design* was not found at Athens but at Epidaurus, and it does not date from the end of the fifth century B.C., but from the middle of the fourth. It comes from a round building in the sanctuary of Asclepius known as the 'tholos', and owes its almost perfect state of preservation to the fact that it was not actually used in the building but was buried underneath. It is now in the museum at Epidaurus.

Harrogate

KENNETH E. NELSON

Merits of the Well-Filled Cradle

Mr. P. E. Percival refers to Miss Cicely Hamilton's interesting talk in *THE LISTENER* of April 4, and asks why, when Italy, France and Germany are making such strenuous efforts to arrest the fall of their birth-rate, we are not doing the same in this country. Perhaps it is because Miss Hamilton speaks for so many of her countryfolk when, in her final paragraph, she says she feels 'no regrets when hearing complaints of small families', believing that 'all these appeals to parents are made, in part at least, with a view to future war, in the hope of outnumbering the enemy'.

Large families lead to an overflowing population, one of the evils of which is that it necessitates economic expansion, which in its turn leads to the economic rivalry that often culminates in war. Unfortunately, emigration is no longer the remedy for overcrowding that it was a century ago, for stringent regulations against aliens have now been passed by all countries, and it seems, therefore, to most thoughtful people that until work can be found for the tens of thousands of boys and girls now seeking it in vain, we should not urge the production of ever-increasing numbers to swell the ranks of our unemployed.

But 'How shall we compete ...?' asks Mr. Percival—a question which has always been in the minds of ambitious rulers and generals, from the Cæsars to Napoleon and the Kaiser. Miss Hamilton realises that increasing millions, like increasing armaments, are a menace to world peace, for—in the words of Francis Bacon—'If the fuel be prepared, who can tell whence the spark may come?'

Hereford

M. A. BINSTED

'The King's Tryall'

Mr. E. V. Paterson, like some other correspondents in *THE LISTENER* and *The Radio Times*, seems to imagine that any quotation from a contemporary carries immense weight, and so he quotes (of all people) poor, half-mad, weathercock Prynne. Now, obviously, on an event involving political and religious feeling at its intensest, all sorts of opinions are expressed, and some contemporary writer could be quoted in support of any conceivable view. What is wanted is not the quotation of these odd, detached opinions, but a serious review of the whole of the facts left upon record—and decidedly not only the facts of the trial itself, but those of the previous quarter-century of political life which culminated in it, and indeed, as most of us think, made it inevitable. This task, it is to be surmised, correspondents who defend that broadcast have not undertaken—indeed, to carry it out thoroughly would require years of specialised work!

But there are some who have spent years thus, and the best reply to Mr. Paterson and his friends is that not one responsible modern historian who has studied the events of the mid-seventeenth century can, for a moment, be imagined as approving 'The King's Tryall' broadcast. Let Mr. Paterson set to work to read S. R. Gardiner or Sir Charles Firth, and he will realise that what we got that evening was a mere cheap

sentimentalisation of an event whose importance in the history of the widening liberties of the British race should lift it far above any such light treatment.

Some of us look upon the Catholic Hilaire Belloc as a very biased writer, yet how different are the impressions left by his preparatory article in *The Radio Times* (January 26) and by the broadcast itself! It is not consistent of the B.B.C., so scrupulously careful to avoid partiality upon current political questions, totally to abandon all scruple in its treatment of an historical event that played so large a part in bringing about our modern political situation.

In retiring from this discussion, I would like to suggest to readers who are interested but perhaps have not time to study the big standard authorities I have mentioned, that they could get at least a good general view of both sides of the great question by reading Belloc's little *Cromwell* (Benn's Sixpenny Library) and then Dr. F. H. Hayward's recent *The Unknown Cromwell* (Allen and Unwin, 12s. 6d., and probably already to be found in most public libraries). Each is masterly, but the two should be read so that one may feel the satisfying assurance of having done 'the fair thing'.

Montreux, Switzerland

PERCY A. SCHOLES

Why Don't the Planets Twinkle?

In his last talk on 'Light' Sir William Bragg puts forward an explanation of the twinkling of the stars. He tells us that this is caused by the non-uniformity of our atmosphere as regards temperature. The result of this, he points out, is that 'the light of the star is bent in crossing such a region and the blue is bent more than the red'—hence the twinkling. The perversity of my mind insists on enquiring why, if this is the case, the planets do not twinkle. The same atmospheric differences operate in their case and likewise the same colour bending. I have always doubted this theory, which was put forward in R. W. Wood's book, *Physical Optics*.

London, S.E.23

C. J. D. GAIR

Preparing for Peace

Mr. Beverley Nichols, in his very interesting and indeed delightful broadcast, 'Seven Days' Hard', printed in your issue of March 28, assures us that the saying 'If you wish for peace, prepare for war' is a 'lunatic doctrine'. Possibly it is; possibly not. At any rate this doctrine was fearlessly enunciated by George Washington, who was certainly not a lunatic. In his speech to both Houses of Congress on January 8, 1790, he used these words: 'To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual ways of preserving peace'; and when he said so, he may have been thinking of Horace's words, and Horace declares that it is the doctrine of a 'wise man'. Other words than those of Washington come to mind: 'When the strong man fully armed guardeth his own court, his goods are in peace'. And not otherwise.

Winchester

E. H. BLAKENEY

The Week-end on the Road

IN HIS TALK of April 16 on 'The Week-end on the Road', Mr. Kaye Don mentioned the following instances of careless driving which he had witnessed during a short morning's run along busy roads out of London:

Motorist ignoring a policeman's signal: saved from running the policeman down by good luck and good brakes, but laid himself open to having his own car run down from behind.

Car pulled up on a corner and several feet from the kerb—a form of selfishness which is indirectly responsible for tens of thousands of accidents.

Cars hugging the centre line—some of them being so far over that two cars driven abreast could have passed on the inside between them and the kerb.

Three or four cars all trying to pass each other at the same time, so that a line of cars was straggling far across the road.

Overtaking several other cars on a hill; halting suddenly across a line of accelerating cars; and overtaking on the crest of a hill. One driver even overtook at the crest of a hill which was also a bend in the road.

Mr. Kaye Don referred to the good road discipline maintained by the cycling clubs he encountered; suggested that pedestrians should be compelled to walk facing the traffic; and laid down as the golden rule for motorists that they should be always 'alert, courteous, and unselfish'.

Books and Authors

The Great Countryman

The Yeoman's England. By Sir William Beach Thomas. MacLehose. 8s. 6d.

SIR WILLIAM BEACH THOMAS is certainly the fellow of W. H. Hudson and these are the Dioscuri to whom the vigorous younger school of naturalists and observers looks for both knowledge and inspiration. There has been nothing quite like their quality up to the morning of the twentieth century. Men like Knox, Seebohm, MacGillivray and others during the nineteenth century were knowledgeable and informative, but they all lacked the poetic sensibility, the intuitive and imaginative gifts and the passport to Parnassus which has made Hudson and Beach Thomas men of letters of the company of Hardy and Bridges. The nature-writers of last century made separate kingdoms of natural science and literature; it has been the unique achievement of Hudson and our present author after him to reconcile them and blend them so indistinguishably that no man can point to the place where science begins and literature ends. Sir William is not quite the personally intimate and searching writer that Hudson was, but he is even more catholic as a natural historian and even more allusive and steeped in the tradition of English literature than his great exemplar.

Some years ago, George Moore urged Sir William to reprint his weekly essays in the *Observer* in book form. The present volume is the fruit of that earlier persuasion and, as any of his host of weekly readers will guess, it covers an extensive ground not only of English country but of theme. There is no contemplative countryman or escaping townsman who will not find something in this book to his personal interest, whether it be in gardens or agriculture, birds or insects, fishing or landscape, or merely strolling idly about the lanes. If he be a Devonian, East Anglian, Western Borderland, or Home Counties enthusiast, he will have an 'eyeful' of sights and scenes which Sir William's art will cause to pass into his heart and memory. The difficulty with such a delightful book, so full of variety, of apt quotation, of happy touches, of profound knowledge, of tender humanity and

true insight, is for the critic to force himself into the proper impersonal and dispassionate poise. It is particularly difficult for me. I have had on my shelves the three-volume work which Sir William wrote with the late Anthony Collett and called *Spring, Summer and Autumn and Winter*, for so long that I cannot remember that it had any precursors in my library. As it is one of those exasperating volumes which discovers no date, I shall never know when it came into my possession, now so dog-eared. Then Sir William is constantly knocking me off my critical perch. His favourite rose is *Rosa moschata* and it happens to be mine; he writes a moving and eloquent panegyric of those fortunate ones who possess 'a green hand', and by pure accident and without any desert I happen to have a touch of that extremely useful faculty myself; he is always telling me a little more than I know about phenomena of a particular appeal to me. He keeps on saying things I should have loved to have said myself if only the gift had been mine to say them. He abounds in vivid and revealing simile and so is a blessing indeed to the naturalist who is always trying to communicate to others the inward significance of what he observes. 'As to the bumble—*bombus terrestris*—with black as luminous as in a Velasquez portrait and a daffodil tail' is one instance out of scores.

Perhaps that is Sir William's chiefest quality, his power of evoking sympathy from his reader with what he writes and the way he writes it, so that the beauty and meaning of the English country are manifested under a more intense light than that of common day. His own serenity greatly helps to that end, and it is a serenity that springs from the harmonious interplay between humanity, poetry of mind and intimacy of experience, all expressed in a rich though easy style. Certainly there is no living writer who can write so well about the deeper little England that her superficial great towns are so greedily trying to devour.

H. J. MASSINGHAM

Lansbury of Bow

George Lansbury—My Father. By Edgar Lansbury. Sampson Low. 8s. 6d.

THIS IS NOT A BOOK about Cabinet Documents. It is necessary to emphasise that fact. For the real purpose of the story is to show George Lansbury at home. Thus we understand many things about this upheaving personality. We know him as propagandist, and some of us as parliamentary colleague. But while we know him we feel we have 'missed him'. There was something we could not lay hold of. In this book the mystery is revealed, and now we know him as far as it is possible to know any man. For we see him at home. The book has no sort of order. It zig-zags from one stage of the subject's life to another; as though by accident. But the author 'gets there' by his revealing frankness where scholarly orderly books often fail. And the tempestuous, jolly, great-hearted character comes out all alive.

George Lansbury has already written his own autobiography, so the author does not trouble us with details. But there were things the father could not write about. It has been left to the son to fill in the picture. He does it by opening the door in Bow Road, for it is here we see the real George and his wife Bessie. There is the old organ that Mrs. Lansbury played while the family gathered round and sang. And there were times when there were neither playing nor singing; for troubles came in just as in other hard-tested families. These scenes, jolly and sombre, are well and wisely done. They are the stuff of which George Lansbury is made. Because of them the poorest understand him, and he understands them. And though he rises to 'Right Honourable' he still lives in Bow Road, in fact and spirit.

So he likes 'comic songs, sentimental songs, love songs, socialist songs, and Hymns Ancient and Modern', like many millions to whom Bach is Dutch. And if Edgar doesn't know already, he will be interested to learn that his father is just like that in the Lobbies when we sit up all night. No danger of going to sleep when he is around.

But even that is commonplace beside the picture of the future Right Honourable, grandly handling the reins of his horses as he drives his family to the station, luggage and all, for the annual holiday. And that song in praise of the engine-driver which all the family must sing to the scandal of the passengers!

Just an interlude. Father is so much away from home where

Mother must remain. 'Sometimes in later years she spoke a little wearily, if not bitterly, of the fate that had kept her and Father apart . . . that she felt keenly the separation from him is beyond doubt'. That humble mother in the background is no less arresting than the world-famous husband. But he never came home without bringing a bunch of posies for her.

Hyde Park demonstrations with pictures of characters there make good reading. The author knows many sides of things 'Within the Gates'.

George Lansbury went to prison. The story of how he and his colleagues broke down a long-standing gross social injustice makes great reading. Even prison made no difference to him. He turned a penance into laughter, and brought a Government into ways of wisdom where wise words had failed.

He was the most heterodox person that ever looked after His Majesty's Office of Works. No wonder he was named the First Commissioner of Good Works. Well do some of us remember those joyous days when indignant Members tried to put the First Commissioner 'through it', and they won't forget either. No change. On the platform, down in Poplar, on Treasury Bench, the Right Honourable Gentleman is still George. And a father to children and young folks who would make the Parks places to play in, rather than places where you walk stiffly in awe. There is also light on the man who aligns his social teaching with the Gospel; none questioning his right. The son can tell with understanding something of the spiritual pilgrimage of his father, which is the key to the man who is adored by the masses.

The book reaches up to the higher ranges of politics. Those who know George Lansbury as a tireless, wise party leader, who has got every ounce out of his small band, know the truth of those chapters. But it is the warmth, joy and sacrifice of that home that matters. For it is there we really see 'Father and his Bessie', and it is good to know that Father, Propagandist, and Right Honourable, are one and the same. Those who would know George Lansbury must read this book.

JACK LAWSON

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Science Today. Edited by Sir J. Arthur Thomson and J. G. Crowther. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 8s. 6d.

SIR ARTHUR THOMSON designed the scheme of this survey of contemporary science. He discussed the subjects and their method of presentation with many of his fifteen contributors—each of them expert in his own subject—but did not live to see the book in print. Mr. Crowther has completed the task. In a long and interesting introduction he has given the reasons why the book was planned; he has stated admirably the kind of questions with which it deals and summarised the fifteen chapters which follow. They discuss heredity and human affairs, sociology as a science, science and theology, astronomy and scientific ideas, causality in nature, the trend of physics, the trend of chemistry, anthropology and moral evolution, the vicissitudes of the habitable globe, advances in medical science, the body as a living machine, and various subjects and problems in philosophy and psychology. The book, as can be imagined, is a very learned work. One who reads right through would have his scientific interests immensely widened and his information greatly augmented. Nevertheless the book is in part a failure. It is not easy to see what the first editor was getting at. The different subjects do not weld together; they are of varying relevance, and their presentations are of widely different difficulty and merit. Some of the chapters have obviously been written in accord with editorial instruction, but one or two have been merely taken out of the drawer, or torn from earlier published work. This criticism, however, is criticism of the work as a connected whole. Regard it as a periodical whose every article need not appeal to every reader and much of the criticism falls away. Indeed, an advantage of a book of this kind is that the reader may pick and choose. Different readers may think it wise and profitable to skip quite different chapters.

For the reviewer the best chapters are those on science and theology by Father M. C. D'Arcy, on astronomy and scientific ideas by Professor Dingle, on causality in nature by Professor Planck, and on anthropology and moral evolution by Dr. Marett. They are models of popular exposition: clear, incisive, stimulating, well-expressed, and yet accurate, informed and dignified. There are also good chapters by Professor Hogben on heredity and human affairs—substantially the opening chapter of his book *Nature and Nurture*, recently reviewed on this page—by the late Professor Joly on movements of the earth's surface, by Professor Heath on the philosophy of contemporary science, and by Professor Eve on the trend of physics. These are pretty hard in places but no harder than they should be. The weaker chapters have the principal fault of being too allusive. They make constant reference to men whose names and ideas, though familiar to experts, tantalise humbler mortals who have never heard of them before; the reader is apt to feel out of it. Some of the chapters, further, do not seem to have much bearing on 'science today'. No doubt the editor wished to broaden the book and not to have his contributors talk all the time of atoms and universes and Mendelian factors or vitamins, but it is difficult to see the relevance of the chapters on psychology by Principal Lloyd Morgan and on recent developments in logic by Professor Aliotta. The titles are modern enough, but the essays, excellent in themselves, are chapters on the history of philosophy.

Introduction to Keyserling. By M. G. Parks
Cape. 7s. 6d.

To an odd degree does the advocate of Keyserling almost invariably seem impelled to act foremost as his apologist also. Unfortunately, if less oddly, Mrs. Parks' own 'account of the man and his work' calls for something the same double service. Her intentions, like her admiration for her subject, are of the highest, but she achieves a persistent flatness of phrase relieved principally by a gift for using the wrong word, as when she declares the *Travel Diary* to contain 'some of the most sparkling pages of Oriental description ever penned'. In tone she is often, especially in the earlier, more personal passages, almost archly chatty, a number of her more generalised comments are hardly better than gush (as in the middle of page 56), while on occasion she can be quite comically naive: 'As (Death) is the one problem to which no solution from anyone who is on earth is permanently possible, Keyserling's reflections on it, though

interesting, have perhaps not got the value of some of his other utterances'. And there is one other sentence which every 'newspaper reviewer' will read with suitable humility: 'It is absurd to expect a journalist to be a mystic, though a cobbler or a factory-hand might be one, for the intellectual strain which his calling imposes on a newspaper reviewer would land anyone with a mystical turn of mind, very promptly, in the madhouse'.

Nevertheless, with all this, she has written a book of genuine utility. For the most part she is, fortunately, content to summarise, and that largely by selective quotation, rather than to restate in her own words. In the result she has compiled a really useful survey of the total range and system—so far as it may be called such—of Keyserling's ideas, and one which, it may be hoped, may serve as introduction and guide to the best and most valuable in his work. For Keyserling is a man of quite outstanding gifts, and with a message, or rather an attitude to life, our time peculiarly needs. His insight, if revealed in multitudinous flashes rather than any set system, is quite remarkable, especially when directed to the particular, and his insistence on the spiritual primacy of significance above fact is, for us, in the age of 'the chauffeur-type', wholly valuable. He is a true, if not an academic, philosopher, but no less is he an artist—in the realm of ideas. It is in the interplay between the intuitive and intellectual modes of thought that his most individual work is produced. In the *Travel Diary* most variously, in the *South American Meditations* most profoundly, and in his *Europe, America Set Free*, and to some extent *The World in the Making*, he exhibits his unique responsiveness to environment and his power to extract some meaning, some significance, everywhere, and points to the need and possibility of spiritualising existence on every plane. He says: 'Nothing in life is meaningless for life itself is meaning. Wherever the case appears to be otherwise, the spirit has not understood deeply enough; for even sickness and malformations always have their positive meaning'. He not only makes the statement, he goes far to validate it. Such a man is worth the knowing, and Mrs. Parks' book is, with all its faults, a serviceable introduction.

Marriage at 6 a.m. By Tom Clarke
Gollancz. 10s. 6d.

Cobbers. By Thomas Wood
Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d.

Marriage at 6 a.m. is a breezy little book, which gives an intimate account of Australia and the Australians as they appear to a trained observer of men and events. The title, as Mr. Clarke frankly admits, is a concession to (supposedly) popular taste, and he uses it solely to emphasise how small a place ceremonial affairs occupy in the Australian scheme of things. Not only was this so in the case of Betty's marriage, which took place at Mildura at 6 a.m. so that bride and groom might catch the only train to Melbourne, which left at 7.25, but in a dozen other instances that came under the writer's observation, notably the almost universal habit of dining at the unearthly hour of 6.15 p.m., so that waiters and domestics might have their evening free 'to go to the pictures'. Mr. Clarke rightly regards this as a 'hangover' from the utilitarian ideal that animated the early pioneers, when little amenities were crowded out of the hard circumstances of life in the backblocks and everything was subordinated to the god of work. If Australia is to emerge from the chrysalis stage, these observations need to be made. Luckily Mr. Clarke has an ally in Australia itself in Nettie Palmer, the spokeswoman for the more intelligent section of Australian public opinion, who in a recent essay pleaded eloquently against the utilitarian ideal, and advocated a more liberal education in State schools that would provide wider mental windows for the masses.

Mr. Clarke travelled over 40,000 miles in three years and met statesmen, squatters, farmers, merchants, the heads of great engineering schemes, workers on the land and in the factories. There is one particularly brilliant piece of descriptive writing, 'The Town of Ghosts', depicting a derelict mining town in Tasmania. He has some hard things to say, especially about the Australian women. As editor of an alert evening daily, he must have met some pretty devastating types—the terrifying Amazon, the complete snob, the would-be intellectual—but he

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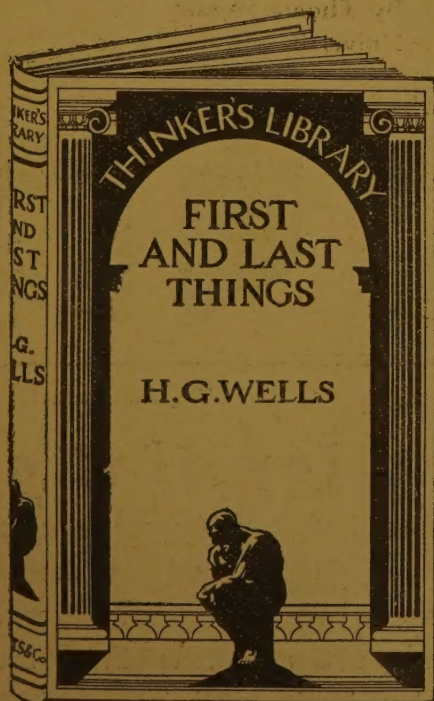
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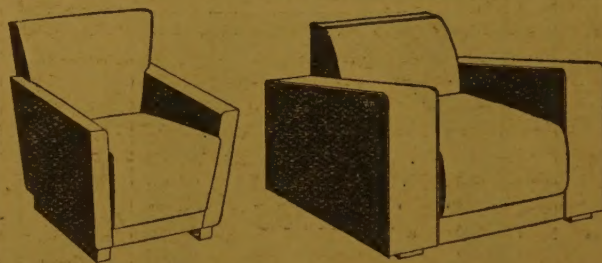
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pays them all the compliment of relying on their sense of sportsmanship not to take offence. Most of the 'faults' he sees are due to an over-indulgence of that confident self-reliant spirit that has made the British race the world's best colonisers. He gives in full the text of a letter from a successful Queensland station-owner, which should be invaluable to intending settlers when the wheels of migration, now almost motionless, once more begin to turn.

Cobbers is not—as those of us who are on the look-out for Australian literary rare pieces might suppose—a reprint of an early work by the late Barbara Baynton. It is the story of an Englishman's leisurely journey and the friendships he made in Australia as he passed through the country for the first time. Chronologically speaking, Dr. Wood's book begins where Mr. Clarke's leaves off, circa 1930. His title is certainly colloquial enough, but, having no schoolboy son in tow, he does not appear to have fallen into the Australian vernacular with quite the same ease as his fellow-countryman, although he has a good ear for dialogue and has one or two stories to tell that have the real Australian flavour. He gives, too, a more composed picture of the places he visited, and his judgments are sound and penetrating, as, for instance, when he remarks on the Australian's preference for facts over ideas, his love of talking 'shop', his 'mental laziness which will take no trouble over the choice of a word' and 'the physical laziness which will take no trouble over the sound of it'. With the same tolerance that distinguished Mr. Clarke, he ascribes this to the fact 'that Australian attention has been concentrated so long on getting a job of work done, making money in the process, and having a good time afterwards, that the habit still persists of looking upon anything which has no immediate connection with these three prime interests as a triviality not worth serious attention'. In other words, our old friend the utilitarian tradition.

The Australian's preoccupation with his job has, however, something to be said for it. Notwithstanding the fact that Dr. Wood visited the country during a period of unparalleled depression, he was so impressed by the quality of the 'cobbers' he found there that, when he got home, he invested two years' savings in Australian stocks, and advised his friends to do the same.

Religion and Theism. By Clement C. J. Webb Allen and Unwin. 4s. 6d.

Dr. Webb has chosen a subject of great interest to thoughtful readers. At the time of the Reformation people were reproached for treating religion as purely a matter of ceremonies and observances. Today the opposite extreme has been reached, and men like Mr. Julian Huxley in *Religion without Revelation* and Dr. Nicolai Hartmann in his *Ethics* have sought to put forward the view that not only religion does not require ceremonies and observances, but that religion should dispense with God. The early Lutherans found that they had to have ceremonies and observances, and Dr. Webb, while apparently holding no brief for these, contends in the present stimulating little book that religion cannot do without God. According to Dr. Webb, the objections to linking religion with God are of two types. Mr. Huxley, it seems, finds 'an incongruity between the belief that the universe is governed by a spiritual being conceived after the analogy of a human person and the knowledge which we derive from the investigation of the natural sciences'. Dr. Hartmann, on the other hand, apparently considers 'the autonomy and freedom from external dictation' (free will) 'claimed by the human conscience inconsistent with any authority transcending our own reason or with any will antecedently determining our activities'. Dr. Webb seeks to demolish both objections. He argues that Mr. Huxley's religious experience, notwithstanding his assertions to the contrary, suggests a theistic background, and that Dr. Hartmann 'constantly uses language which seems to cry out for a belief in God to give it meaning'. Dr. Webb, indeed, would vindicate Theism on the ground that 'in all instances which would be generally admitted to be instances of Religion' there are two features which he calls respectively 'ultimacy' and 'intimacy', and that these presuppose an immanent and in some sense a personal God. Thus, according to Dr. Webb, just as M. Jourdain spoke prose unawares, so Confucianism and pure Buddhism and also Positivism are really theistic without knowing it. In other words, the sense of reverence, the attitude of worship, recognised by such 'religious' deniers of God as Mr. Huxley and Dr. Hartmann, demand an object, and that object can only be God. It is an ingenious argument, and those already acquainted with Dr. Webb's

writings need not be told that he puts it forward with a persuasive charm. But that does not mean that it is convincing. As will have been noticed, it depends upon an entirely modern, and even modernist, assumption. It rests on Dr. Webb's own faith in the validity of what he calls 'religious experience'. What does he mean by this term? Towards the end of the book, he gives as an instance of religious experience that consciousness of moral obligation which, according to Kant, leads to belief in God. But of course that is not a properly religious experience. Then, at the beginning of the book, he refers to the experience of 'prophets and saints and mystics'. Yet this he expressly insists he has not in mind. One is thus driven to understand that what he regards as especially the experience indicating the actual existence of God is that particular 'religious experience' which may be described as a discovery of the influential German theologian, Schleiermacher. Now, the frequent occurrence in some form of this type of so-called religious experience is not to be gainsaid, and no doubt it is not to be explained away by psychologists. But it by no means follows that its occurrence vindicates Theism. 'Consciousness is essentially consciousness of an object', says Dr. Webb, and one may agree. Yet because in the Schleiermacher kind of religious experience there is consciousness of an object, it by no means follows that the object is God.

The Walls of Glass. By A. S. J. Tessimond Methuen. 2s. 6d.

Whether a Dove or Seagull. By Sylvia Townsend Warner and Valentine Ackland. Chatto. 6s.

Mr. Tessimond has chosen well for the title of his first book, since some of the finest poems in it play round the idea he has pinned in his metaphor, 'Our words like windows intercept our meaning'. Indeed, the essential and inevitable aloneness of every human being might almost be said to be the mainspring of his attitude to life as here expressed in his poetry. The idea, derived in some sort from D. H. Lawrence, is a popular one today, and finds an almost disproportionate expression in the work of the younger poets. Man's inviolable separateness is almost the only sure foothold in the shifting sands of contemporary human values, and it is to be expected that poetry should at the moment be rather obsessed with the idea. But the obsession is a very considerable limitation—as Mr. Tessimond's poetry shows. Take from this book all the poems directly and indirectly concerned with this idea (and a few poems based on revolt) and not much is left except a quite astonishing virtuosity. One says this, not at all because *The Walls of Glass* is a paltry book, but because it is too limited: clearly Mr. Tessimond is among the half-dozen most promising poets of his age, and if his experience evolves to match his undeniable verbal ability he will almost certainly regret he did not wait awhile before publishing his first book. There seems little he cannot already do with words: here is an 'Epitaph for Our Children':

Blame us for those who were cradled and rocked in our chaos;
Watching our sidelong watching, fearing our fears;
Playing their blind-man's-buff in our gutted mansions,
Their follow-my-leader on a stair that ended in air,

and here is the last verse of 'Empty Room':

But time flows through the room, light flows through the room
Like someone picking flowers, like someone whistling
Without a tune, like talk in front of a fire,
Like a woman knitting or a child snipping at paper.

Such sensitiveness, however, is not in itself enough. In his first poem Mr. Tessimond declares that:

I, fulcrum of levers whose ends I cannot see,
Have this one deftness—that I admit undeftness:
Know that the stars are far, the levers long:
Can understand my unstrength.

But, beyond clearing some of the admittedly cumbered ground, this does not get us very far: it is a necessary task but hardly one to make too much of a song about. Like the rather cynical 'wise men' of his own 'Nursery Rhyme for a Twenty-First Birthday', Mr. Tessimond too often merely contents himself with breathing patterns on those walls of glass.

The authors of *Whether a Dove or Seagull* say that 'by issuing their independent work under one cover the element of contrast thus obtained will add to the pleasure of the reader; by withholding individual attributions on the page they hope that some of the freshness of anonymity may be preserved'. The reasons seem a little specious; and anyway, in the end, the reader is only irked by having to turn to the index to verify his guesses. Which is a pity, since there is plenty of sound verse

here. Of the two contributors, Valentine Ackland brings a more obviously passionate note into his work:

Blossom into a rose as you are bidden,
Woman—Remain at that and be unhidden,
Beloved and love-given, complete—
Or straggle into a tree and have the world at your feet;

but Sylvia Townsend Warner more than offsets this with a delicate individuality and a vivid eye.

To the Mediterranean in *Charmina*

By E. Keble Chatterton. Rich and Cowan. 12s. 6d.

Charmina is a six-ton yawl, twenty-eight feet long; and Mr. Keble Chatterton is her enthusiastic owner and skipper. He has already narrated, in *Through Brittany in Charmina*, the first of her happy voyages. In his new book he tells us of the trip he made in *Charmina* from her winter quarters at Nantes down the Biscay coast to Bordeaux: from there, propelled by its seven-horse auxiliary engine, along that remarkable chain of canals across Southern France to Cette; and finally across the treacherous Gulf of Lyons to the Riviera. It must have been a delightful voyage, for its savour is infectious even to an arm-chair navigator. The book has its technical moments, to be

relished only by a yachtsman; but for the most part it is a lively and absorbing chronicle of scenes and encounters in that panorama of beautiful old towns which stretches from La Rochelle to Marseilles. Mr. Chatterton is as romantic as a happy and healthy traveller ought to be. He has a strong sense of sentiment, which possibly gets a little out of hand now and then, but he gets the best out of everything he sees. He has memorable meetings with bargees and lock-keepers and random acquaintances along his route. And he enjoys each long summer day, from casting off at a cobbled quay in the morning to going ashore at sunset to sample the local wine. The chief merit of this companionable narrative is that it instigates a wild ambition to go and do likewise, especially as Mr. Chatterton is reassuring on the question of inland navigation. (It is true that one would somehow have to get the ship to Bordeaux first, but that is a hazard one loses sight of in the enchantment which this book so constantly creates.)

Even those of us who are too poor, too old, or too timid to sail a boat, even on the Midi Canal, will enjoy this exuberant book. And it may start us planning another kind of inland voyage afoot, on a bicycle, or even in a car that's too old to be fast; but it must be along the same route and in the same spirit.

Charting the Cosmos

A New Fundamentalism. By James Maxwell Henry. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

THIS IS A FORMIDABLE and in some ways a very impressive book. It seeks to offer what is, in fact, nothing more nor less than a complete theory of the cosmos—a theory, that is to say, which takes into account not only the results of the special sciences, but the whole mass of data to which the moral intuitions of the ordinary man, the religious consciousness of the saint, the æsthetic enjoyment of the artist, the history of the human race and the pre-history of its sub-human ancestors, no less than the discoveries of the physicist and the biologist, contribute. The undertaking is prodigious. It is, in fact, the undertaking of philosophy; yet no philosopher in our time, with the possible exception of Professor Whitehead, has been found willing to tackle it. For our age is pre-eminently one of specialisation and departmentalism. So rapidly do the facts from the special sciences crowd in upon us, that we are unable any longer to take a comprehensive view of the whole, and philosophy, yielding to the spirit of the age, concerns itself with specific problems rather than with cosmic correlation. The remarkable thing about Mr. Henry's book is that, in spite of the apparent audacity of its intention, it can be dismissed neither as foolish nor as comic. Now this is a highly surprising fact. Mr. Henry is as surprised as anyone. He can never quite rid himself of his astonishment that the explanation of the universe should turn out to be really so simple. 'You wonder why you did not see it long ago and why everyone doesn't see it immediately. . . Why', in fact, 'was it not propounded by hundreds of more intelligent persons than myself?'

Mr. Henry's theorising is guided by two rules, both of them admirable; the first is 'to do justice to recognised fact', the second, 'to regard every fancy which human beings have entertained as entitled to serious consideration'. For its results he makes the claim that they are 'merely the explicit statement of the view which tradition, ancient wisdom, modern humanism, poets and philosophers in all ages, have implicitly held'. The theory is in essence an idealistic one; thought is at the basis of things, and to our own consciousness we must look not only for the nature of ultimate reality, but for the key to its interpretation. One of the main grounds for this view is, Mr. Henry holds, the present *impasse* of physics and biology. Biology, under the influence of the theory of evolution, regards the organic world as a continuous process from the simple to the complex. The evolutionary process begins with amoebas and develops into human brains. Physics reverses the process, regarding the universe as progressing continuously towards its own annihilation, when everything will be reduced to a uniform condition of cool radiation. Yet the organic world of biology and the inorganic world of physics are continuous. Clearly, then, what is true of the one must ultimately be true of the other. The solution is found along idealist lines, the raw material of nature being found to be not matter but number and mathematical functions 'which are direct products of thought'. It is in religious experience that the nature of the fundamental reality which is mind is most

directly realised. There are, in fact, three worlds—one that of universal mind, the second that of individual mind, the third that of matter (presumably the numbers and the mathematical functions). Once the universal mind and the world of matter were one. Now they are separated, separated apparently by our individual minds. But this separation is temporary only. The longing for God is really a desire on the part of the individual mind to return to the primitive state of unity in which, no longer separating the first world from the third, it is fused with both.

It follows that the present condition of the world, no less than of human life, is degenerate. It is a degeneration from a perfect state in which the whole world was literally instinct with life. The tradition of the greatest poets of the past, of Isaiah, Homer, Milton, is imbued with this memory of past magnificence. So, indeed, is the message of pre-history, to which we are only now beginning to pay attention. The appeal of religious ritual, the mystical intuition of the religious genius, the attraction of art, are all similarly explained as recalling 'a deep-seated memory of an early and beautiful state of humanity'. As Plato would say, the human soul, when confronted with physical beauty in art, is reminded of a state of beatitude which it once enjoyed but has now lost. It is in terms of recollection that the deepest and most treasured experiences of humanity receive their most fruitful interpretation. I have no space to summarise further Mr. Henry's doctrine. Enough has been said to indicate the bold originality of this highly intriguing theory. Incidentally, the book is admirably written and achieves the difficult task of making righteousness readable.

Readable the book certainly is, but on reflection I am not so sure whether it is righteous. I venture two very brief criticisms. First, the book raises in an acute form the problem of evil. If the universe once rested perfect and serene in the lap of universal mind, how and whence did it emerge? Whence, in fact, the source of evil, of separateness of the many different human minds? Either this source of evil and degeneration was evolved out of nothing—a difficult and scarcely credible view—or it was somehow latent in the heart of things from the first. But, if evil, degeneration, and separateness, were present in things from the first, then the universe cannot be one universal mind. Second, I find the doctrine of the fall presented in this metaphysical guise singularly depressing. That we are miserable sinners is a tolerable view, if we have the hope of one day becoming blessed saints, but that we are miserable sinners who were once blessed saints and, unable apparently to tolerate our sainthood, have evolved by a continuing process of degeneration into the imperfect creatures that we know ourselves to be, is a profoundly disquieting view. The only conclusion seems to be that the universe is running down morally and spiritually as well as physically. Possibly, possibly not!

C. E. M. JOAD